



C the Circle

SPRING, 1980

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The variety of approaches to writing and design in this issue reflects the *Circle's* function as a laboratory publication. Although each piece was reviewed by staff members and representatives of the Editorial Board, the appearance of any article, story, poem, drawing, or photograph does not necessarily indicate unanimous critical approval.

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RAKE

AND ROLL

By Amy Dawes

Two girls, both Auburn students, are out in the front yard on a sunny spring afternoon in 1980 painting wooden lawn chairs. The weather is warm, and as they draw a last stripe of green across a weathered board, they go inside the house to make a pitcher of iced tea. Ten minutes later they return to the yard and are astonished at what they find. From nowhere, on the arm of a chair painted ten minutes ago, has appeared a mysterious word etched in ragged black letters; it says: RAKES.

All around campus, the clues pile up. On a men's bathroom wall in Haley Center someone has painted the words RAKE AND ROLL in giant letters. On another wall, someone has written out the words to "Rock Around the Clock," substituting the word "Rake" for "rock" in every instance. Kids are attending classes in T-shirts with the RAKES logo emblazoned across the front of them, and the name is popping up everywhere—on notebooks, on the backs of people's hands, in snatches of conversation heard in hallways....

The Rakes..they're that punk band, right? They're not so punk..not so good, either. How do you know? I heard them on the radio, on Captured Live... Oh, man, but you had to be there..

There are rumors of parties in which an impossible number of people jam into living rooms to hear the Rakes—no, to join the Rakes, to be Rakes, dancing and jumping with such fast and fur-



photo by Rob Lotufo

ious energy that the floor actually begins to sag and bounce beneath their feet...

People have called up WEGL since the "Captured Live" program (on which the Rakes appeared along with fifty pogoing fans) and requested their music, and an Auburn record store manager reports that people come in to ask if the Rakes' T-shirts are on sale or if they have any albums yet. Who's behind all the excitement?

The Rakes are five Auburn students—lead vocalist Hef Daniel, guitarists Bruce Yandel and Larry Klein, bass player Mike Moxley, and drummer Eric Lester, who got together only five months ago to make a raw, driving brand of music that's not always punk or new wave, but it's always rock and roll, and it always gets the people on their feet. Playing a personalized mixture of songs by groups like Talking Heads, B-52's, Blondie, David Bowie, and the Rolling Stones, as well as a string of Rakes originals, and ignited by the raucous vocals and animated stage behavior of singer Hef Daniels, the Rakes have acquired a loyal and steadily growing cult following and even shed some light on the cultural environment in Auburn 1980.

"This is definitely a case of being the right thing for the moment," Hef says, reclining on the floor of his house in Ford Court, but he strongly rejects the idea that the Rakes' popularity is based on the idea of "New Wave chic." "The Rakes are not that trendy," he says. "We started out playing in front of our friends, and you can't put your friends on."

Hef describes the Rakes' music as "fast, intense, and deceptively meaningless." He is afraid that message behind the music may be too easily dismissed by skeptical observers. "We're on the brink of sweeping social changes—international tension—any day could be Armageddon—and how we react to it all is whether we live or die. Maybe our message is that everyone's responsible for their own lives...you can't just run and hide, you've got to take a stand somewhere."



"The Rakes? It's a release," says a pretty girl in a Rakes T-shirt. You participate...they involve you in the music."

"There's a whole current of energy in our society that's not being channeled usefully," Hef says. "We're helping people release that energy usefully, emotionally. Having fun is valuable, and it's hard to beat singing and dancing."

"Our following is what makes it work. It's a blur of the cause and effect thing—it's not that we created our following or they created us, but it's like we're a lens reflecting all the attitudes and needs."

"We're just the catalyst," says Bruce Yandel. "And we're rejecting the idea that all there is to life is just get a job,

work nine to five, wear a suit—that bullshit."

Hef sees the Rakes as "Auburn's only hope as far as getting this culture a little bit freer." He says he is "looking for a change of pace."

In assessing the Rakes' musical talent, he says, "Musically, we're strong on emotion, but we're not exactly technicians. Especially me, I haven't been singing that long. Our talent lies in our ability to affect crowds. If there's a purpose for playing other than emotional catharsis for the band members, it's getting people off their asses." At that moment two girls in Rakes T-shirts run breathlessly into the house and drop down beside him. "This is what it's really all about," Hef laughs, his arms around them. "I was just saying that other stuff."



Wednesday nights are usually slow nights at the Casino, a rough-looking roadhouse on the edge of town, but tonight the yellow sign in the parking lot reads PUNK FUN TONITE: THE RAKES, and there are more than 150 people inside. Plenty of seats, though; everyone is on the dance floor; the crowd frenetic with motion, like kernels of popcorn rattling around the pan at their moment of ignition, leaping and spinning together in the darkness, getting off on the madness.

"It's like joy and anger at the same time when you're dancing," a girl says. "And it's like you're dancing with everyone all at once."

"There's so much energy going on," says a boy in punk sunglasses. "I don't know if they give it to us, or if we give it to them, but I always feel like I have springs on the bottom of my feet."

This, the Rakes' first paid public appearance, drew a lot of initial skepticism,

and started out with just a few people dancing, loyal Rakes fans who sprang from their seats at the first drumbeat, but halfway into the second set the floor was thick with converts. At 2 a.m. the bar was still crowded.

"Afterwards, the manager came up and asked us if we wanted to have a Rakes night every week," says Larry Klein, (Klein has played guitar for years and is a veteran of several Auburn bands, including Nighskies and the incredibly short-lived Snide Remark and the Insults) "but we said we didn't think so. He said, 'I don't understand it myself, but they liked you.'"

The Rakes are not playing music for the money. Klein says the group agrees that they don't want to get sucked up in the stream of commercialism, though he allows that "making money is okay, cause everytime we play we break or blow something in our equipment."

Klein sees punk music as a rejection of all commercialized music, and says that because of this, it's impossible for most New Wave groups to last. "There's too much conflict between what you start out doing and what you end up doing. The system kills creativity."

The Rakes are not out to become rock stars, either, says Klein. "We don't like to be looked at, and we don't care if people say we're good or not. Nobody has to say a word, if everybody's out there dancing and going crazy. The crowd is as much the Rakes as we are."

"There are so many musicians today who just want people to look at them and admire what they're doing. And they don't care if people really get involved or if they're enjoying themselves."

"One of the reasons the Rakes are popular is that dancing is a way of expressing yourself as much as playing music, only it's better cause it's more physical. And the reason that people are turning to punk and New Wave, instead of disco, is that disco is so controlled, you have to know all the steps and the music and have the right partner and the right clothes, whereas punk is just a total release and a way to have fun."

Despite his frequent references to punk music, Klein says he "hates to be labeled," He says that "the main thing about the Rakes is we've never taken

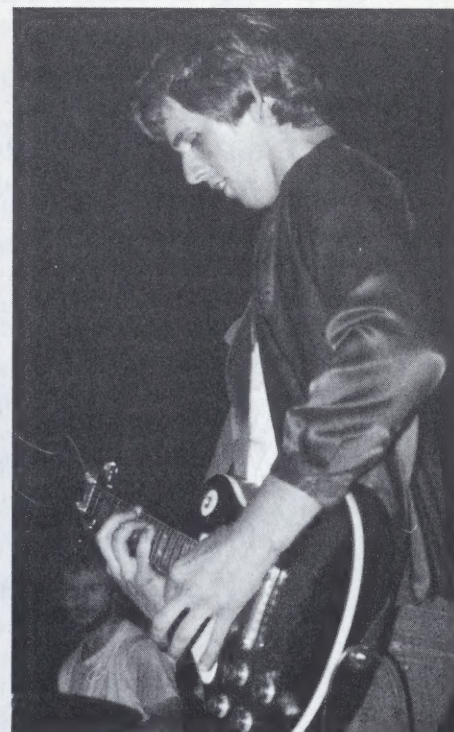


photo by Rick Beauchamp

ourselves seriously—we don't try to align ourselves with anything." Klein describes the Rakes' music as "basic rock and roll, and the way we play it is *fast*. Rock and roll has lasted, that's why we go back to the oldest rock and roll and the formative groups of the 60s, before they started getting so arty."

Klein feels that punk is more of an attitude, and a rebellion against the conformity imposed by society and people's expectations. "Punk is the desire to be different—people just can't be different, and Auburn's a sad case of that."

Klein sees punk as the only socially conscious music today, and feels that it is only a temporary form of rock and roll, something that is just right for the times we live in. "If things start to change and get better, punk rock will probably die," he says. "But I think rock and roll is here to stay. I don't care what people say." Then he smiles self-consciously.



Life is a Wreck Upon a Doldrummed Sea

Life is a wreck upon a doldrummed sea
For those who early put their hopes to bed.
They slowly drown in dull complacency.

They ponder loves that now can never be—
Great loves, like works, die once ambition's dead.
Life is a wreck upon a doldrummed sea.

Those who at twenty-five conviction's challenge flee
Promised achievement with their trembling shed.
They slowly drown in dull complacency.

And plod inertia-bound the path of mediocrity—
Do what's done, wear what's worn, say what's said.
Life is a wreck upon a doldrummed sea.

Decision and emotion issue by decree,
And by society's comfort-dictums so spoon-fed
They slowly drown in dull complacency,

And try hard not to think what death may be.
But numbly to exist as things not living, not quite dead.
Life is a wreck upon a doldrummed sea.
They slowly drown in dull complacency.

—Leslie A. Blackmon

Time, A Mover

Time is a mover.
More than any dancer
or thoroughbred winner.
Can't be seen.
Or heard.
Can be felt
along the simple flesh,
its runway.
And its minutes are being taken
in the courtroom of the heart.

—Fred Donovan Hill

photos by Rob Lotufo

A Separate Country

I

A separate country, separate mind is mine and far
That land of loved ones—my earth,
Sloped and studded with fence posts leaning
Sturdy, enduring against time
By trees collecting robes of silver-gray
To adorn the fecund, emerald air.

Alabama from my northern room seems golden
With lights from red-checked kitchens spilling out
And wafting smells of jams in jars,
Pecan pies, and butterbeans cooked in ham
By mothers aproned snugly with flour on their cheeks.

II

There fathers and grandfathers sit
In general stores on straight-backed chairs
And read newspapers, talk, and smoke—
Shake their heads, and argue politics and spit
Between cheese cracker bites and gulps of bottled Coke—
My spirit, fire, and sense; and

Strength in me is a gaunt, old man
I saw once plowing,
Struggling at the furrow, squinting
From his sweating wrinkled face—dirt-filmed
Above his scarecrow frame whose brittle bones forced
From the land the starry cotton bolls
That effervesce to dream field pearls at dusk.

III

God is in my mind in Alabama churches
With their Sunday School children—
Suited-up boys, lace-stockinged girls,
Scrubbed, combed and curled
And the mothers and fathers with well-thumbed Bibles
Gold bookmark and crimson tassel filled,
Entering wide doors to the rhythm of bells.

IV

In summer we shelled peas in time to the same slow,
Simple, measured beat.
Green-stained fingers of women and girls
Raked from their tight wet beds
Smooth, lime-colored pellets that
Rattled into kettles.
We tossed eviscerated hulls into paper sacks
And finished, ran our fingers through
The cool-skinned rounds with black bead eyes
That simmered on the stove at night,
Then smoked in their leaded glass bowl,
Floating in a wine-brown sea,
And tasted of content to mother, sister, me.

V

Imagination is a childhood summer day
That seemed weeks-long it was so filled
With catching tadpoles in the pond—
Watching for their legs to sprout and hop new frogs away—
Then, restless, picking blossoms, pulling out their stamens
To lick from their tips their honey taste,
And then a picnic on a leaf-screened river bank.

And five-year nights were heat and sound
With every thought and dream meshed into cricket chirps—
A thousand voices all in harmony
Wafting on warm, dark air
Through the opened windows of the house
Across the bed where I,
With girl's legs bare on the sheet,
My covers all thrown off with heat,
Would lie and watch the fireflies
That I caught and mason jarred—
How they blinked and hung
On darkness
Like dewdrops on a spiderweb—
And finally would sleep.

—Leslie Blackmon

First Place Sigma Tau Delta Poetry Contest



kodalith photo by Keith Warren



lithograph by Debbie Wakefield

The Incarcerated Classroom

By Thom Botsford

I write this in the period normally reserved for my English composition class at Draper Correctional Center in Elmore, Ala. Tonight we have no English class—no classes of any kind for that matter—because all of the students are downstairs in their cellblocks, sitting on their bunks, undergoing “count.” They have joined the 700 other inmates for this elaborate ritual which may disrupt, at any time, all rehabilitative activity inside the prison. They will be detained for hours.

“What’s the matter now?” I ask one of the prison employees who doubles as a college student at night.

“I think the folks in charge are reacting to what happened Friday,” he says. “One inmate hid during the regular count and messed everything up. So now they’re going to make sure they have everybody in the right spot even if it takes all night.” *

I’m almost certain that one of our students didn’t hide from the guards last week. Yet, tonight all students pay for the irresponsibility of one man. My students sit idly on their bunks when they should be writing their definitive papers or checking their grammar exercises. I am reminded of the night when shelling

peas took precedence over meeting classes. Every convict departed from his customary schedule to get those peas put away.

If not peas, then wet floors. The guard in charge of the floors grows so tired of people and their tracks that he sometimes forbids students to cross his territory, which borders the college area. Students arrive late or not at all. Most disruptive by far are the sudden changes in custody and job assignments which have cut class enrollments in half, overnight. In the middle of the quarter, good students have found themselves doing chores on the farm or packing for work release. “Why not wait till the quarter’s over?” I’ve asked my director.

“Well, the system is overcrowded, so officials are trying to move inmates out to make room for more,” he explains. I remind myself that college study here is

EDITOR’S NOTE: Auburn graduate Thom Botsford teaches English composition, literature, and journalism to college-level inmates at Draper, Tutwiler, and Staten Prisons in Elmore County, Ala. His employer, Alexander City State Junior College (ACSJC) has operated its prison-college program for almost nine years. Thom was the founder and first editor of The Circle in 1974. He now serves as advisor for the student-inmate publication Pens & Bars.

**Thom learned later that the missing prisoner mentioned in the third paragraph had escaped.*

a low priority activity.

"Mr. Botsford, you got to remember something. We in the penitentiary! For heaven's sake, have mercy!" One of my students told me this early in the fall quarter, just a month after my arrival. He insisted that he had no time "to read all this stuff by Nathaniel Hawthorne." Though I didn't excuse him from his lesson, I did take his exasperated expression to heart: "We in the penitentiary!" Our prison-college program is a small island of higher education—an outpost, a tenuous colony—surrounded by troubled waters, "tempest tossed." No smooth sailing here. Since most inmates have not finished high school, only a relative few can enroll in our program. They are the privileged, the elite, but they must return to their cellblocks every night and join the throng. Nearly 800 inmates at Draper sleep sardine style in cellblocks dreary beyond description. Though I pass the barracks several times a day—and though I've grown accustomed to their sanitary squalor—I concur with one of my composition students: "These are tombs for the living." I have a hard time imagining worse. Veterans of notorious prisons elsewhere hasten to inform me, however, that Draper is comfortable and relatively spacious.

Every free citizen should spend a few hours in the pen, if only to realize "but for the grace of God, there go I." We all know *about* the plight of the prisoner, but few of us dwell on his punishment long enough to imagine ourselves in his place. Incarceration means no privacy, few luxuries, almost complete isolation from the free world—all in a context where violence, drug addiction, racism, rape, and a horde of other demons lurk in the shadows. Given this grim state of affairs, my classroom complaints seem petty. I don't envy the warden and his guards their jobs or their authority. The wisest inmates know that fair treatment and equal opportunity must take a back seat to security. In prison, security implies paranoia. A sign in our college library reads, "Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they're *not* out to get you."

Surely, behind their tough "macho" facades, inmates and guards struggle to suppress moments of paranoia. Just a

few months ago, convicts in one of New Mexico's state prisons seized control of their facility and set up a torture chamber for the "rats"—the human "rats" who had "snitched" to the authorities. They burned with blow torches. They decapitated. They raped and reveled in carnage. And I wondered, do we have inmates at Draper who would do the same thing?

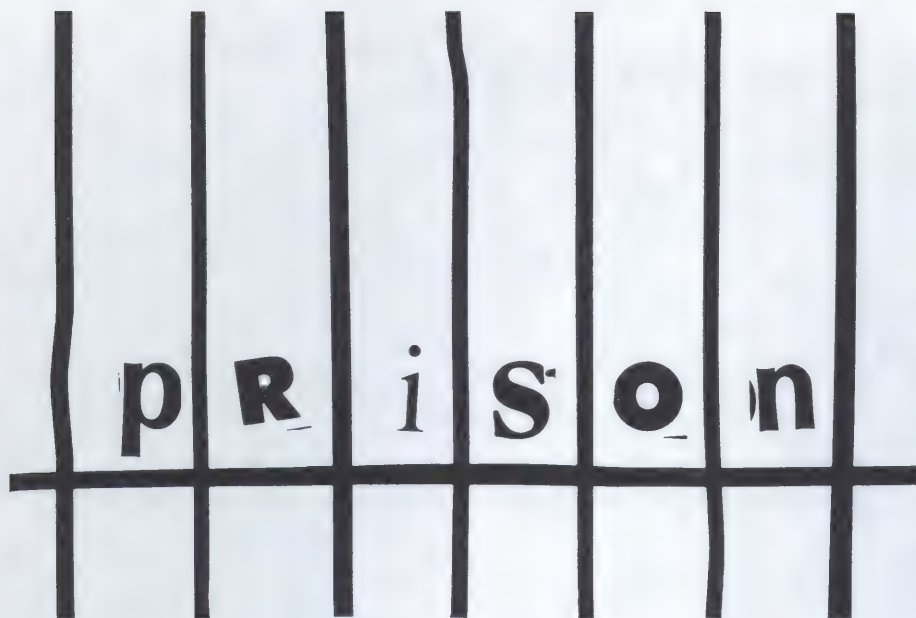
Opinions vary. Some of my students say that Draper is just a camp for bad boys. Just a medium-minimum security prison. The notorious "hard core" criminals, the ones that politicians love to talk about, live at Staton, at Kilby, at Holman. One of the compositions I graded at Draper was sufficiently "hard core" to render any distinctions between institutions purely academic. Entitled "A Night to Remember," the paper told of a power failure in the wee hours of the

morning, and of a band of rapists who took advantage of the opportunity. "Fuck time! Fuck time!" they yelled, roaming from bed to bed, searching for prey. They settled on a small prisoner, someone they apparently disliked, and let him have it. Over and over and over again.

Readers need not jump to conclusions. Prison officials do everything in their power to prevent violence, suspending all normal procedure if necessary to find a missing pair of shears or, worse, a missing inmate. Warden Cooke runs a tight ship. Those inmates who grumble over his policies and curse his methods fear and respect him nevertheless. He told a reporter for *The Pens and Bars*, our college publication: "Corrections is probably the most challenging area of law enforcement. You have the least to do the most with in the form of



drawing by Christopher Payne



funds, support, and anything else.”

I am perfectly content to teach and to leave the business of security to those who find it challenging. My own job generates challenge enough to fill most of my waking hours and some of my dream time as well. Never, never do I have a dull day. The penal environment stands in stark contrast to the life of the mind absorbed in college study. Out of this contrast come whole stories, illustrations, and concrete details sufficient to satisfy a convention of English teachers. While some students miss the significance of the contrast entirely, others—a considerable minority—discover that they can “escape” into the intellectual and emotional dimensions of their own lives, and eventually, into the spiritual dimensions of Everyman’s Life. For a time anyway, some can manage this.

I examine many interesting papers, and I moderate stimulating—if bizarre—class discussions. Last week in composition class, we spent an hour discussing two papers that claimed to distinguish “the junkie” from all other addicts.

“It’s the needle that counts,” one young man explained. “You get off on the needle almost as much as the drug. Your mind connects the needle to that incredible rush running through your vein. If you run out of stuff, you’ll find something else to shoot—a pill, some ice water, something.”

An experienced classmate disagreed: “A junkie is just low and dirty, whether he uses a needle or not. He’s the lowest of the low, but plenty of people who got their pride will use a needle. It’s not the needle, it’s the person.”

Yesterday I graded a paper entitled, “How to Infiltrate a Mobile Lone Office, Which is Easy and Prosperous.” Next week, when classes meet again, I hope to find out just what a “mobile loan” is. Whatever it turns out to be, the “infiltration” itself sounds promising, like an adventure on *Mission Impossible*. “Most mobile lone offices,” the writer tells us, “come equipped with a ULN-2232A optical motion detector.” This, apparently, is the thing we are to disconnect before we crawl in the back window and steal some “lones.” The writer solemnly congratulates us when we finish our work: “You have successfully entered the lone office without detection.”

One of the young ladies at Tutwiler chose to instruct her (imaginary) readers in the fine art of robbing a neighborhood drug store. The secret lies in casing the joint. She wrote: “For a few weeks before the robbery, go to the drug store and buy things you need. Be sure to go to the prescription section and look it over carefully. Memorize it right down to the colors of the pills. At night keep watch over the place and remember the time when police patrol the area. You

want to strike just after they leave.”

I feature sensational topics here because they alleviate much of the drudgery of paper grading. I regard them as a fringe benefit. Though most students concern themselves with safe topics unrelated to the darker side of incarceration, there are always a few surprises, a few shocks. Some inmates take pride in their adventurous, unconventional pasts. Not long ago, a middle-aged woman at Tutwiler handed me a transcript of her murder trial—it was the size of a New York City phone directory—and advised me to “read it carefully and learn things about real life” (as opposed to “book life,” I guess). “They could make a TV show out of it,” she said.

A different kind of composition—a species addressed to fellow inmates, prison officials, and outside readers—can be found in our college’s magazine, *The Pens and Bars*, which I advise. This is not a free press, but it’s no public relations rag either. Students complain very little about editorial restrictions. They understand that “to tell all of the truth” would entail posing as investigative reporters. Even if we had the time, the skill, and the freedom to investigate every scandalous story in circulation, we would probably need lawyers to defend our charges in court once we published them.

Despite restrictions, contributors to this year’s *Pens and Bars* have touched on some pertinent issues.

Concerning homosexuality at Tutwiler, for instance, one student wrote:

The women in Tutwiler range in age from eighteen to sixty, the majority being in their early thirties, the prime of life. For some unknown reason, women who become involved in crime are often attractive, interesting conversationalists. Perhaps the age old adage, “a lady in public, a whore in bed,” describes many of the better looking inmates. Whatever the case, the sex drive persists and remains a problem for both inmates and officials.

Homosexuality, though a sticky subject, is part of some inmates’ daily lives. Ninety percent of the homosexual activity is a mind game. By this I mean, it isn’t all

collage by Brian A. Thompson



hard-core sex; it's more a longing for affection. Caressing, fondling, and kissing are just about the extent of a dual female relationship, which is called mating or "bulldagging" in Tutwiler. I see it as a strong desire for close companionship which meets certain physical and emotional needs. Some inmates testify that it restores their identities as women. Nevertheless, there are very few true lesbians in prison.

John Gay, who is now a free student in another state, described two unsatisfactory "escape routes" that seduce the prison population. He focused first on the "escape" of the "socialite":

This guy...is always able to have "fun" because he elevates his spirits with other spirits: booze, pills, and marijuana. Of course, without the various aids, he is miserable. You see him running around the institution hunting a pill to shoot-up or a joint to smoke. His blurry eyes and sniffing nose identify him. When I think of a socialite, Jody (not his real name) always comes to mind. On one Christmas morning, I met him in the hallway; it was apparent he had just gotten up, though it was about noon. "Merry Christmas, Jody," I greeted him with a broad smile.

"Do you have a joint?"

scratchboard by Haines Atkins

"Of course not."

"Then what's so merry about it?" he moaned.

Ironically, the other "escape" described by Gay was none other than Christianity, or what poses as Christianity:

Those in the next category, the Christians, are generally appalled by the behavior of the socialites. Of course everyone knows what a Christian is, but prison breeds a special kind: a hard core, fanatical, eccentric type. One Episcopal chaplain feels this is due to an unbalanced offering of fundamentalist theology.

According to their actions, beliefs, and religious discussions, many of the Christians here do not believe in a permissive will of God. It seems that they view the universe as one big clock, created by God in the beginning, and its every tick controlled by the Heavenly Father. Whenever something happens, whether it be sickness, stabbing, rape, or parole—whether it be good or evil, a blessing or a curse—they feel that God is personally responsible for and in direct control of the situation.

To be fair, I'm including another view, an earnest reaction to Gay's harsh assessment of prison ministries:

We have more than one Jesus walking around. Some people find

a Jesus who turns out to be a crutch, a way to impress the authorities, a way to excuse all kinds of sin.

But the real Jesus is here too. The people from the churches on the outside, the chaplain and his staff—they impress me as real Christians. They aren't out for themselves. They come here to comfort us and love us. Unlike many inmates and guards, these Christians don't expect something in return. That's what I like. That was the reason I started going to services in the first place.

The word *penitentiary* has a Latin root, *paenitentia*, which means repentance. Prison, in an older sense, is a place for repentance. If adversity leads to repentance, as some Christians say, then prison is one hell of a heaven. "It leaves a mark that can never be erased," writes John Young in the upcoming issue of the *Pens and Bars*:

The system pits convict against convict in the struggle to improve personal circumstances. Time is marked by meal intervals and measured in weekly increments. There are no clocks, only calendars. One becomes an inmate among inmates, and personal identity is submerged in the institutional computer.

Moving from "anger to achievement" is the subject of yet another *Pens and Bars* article, an interview with a former Tutwiler inmate who is now a student at Auburn University at Montgomery. I quote the subject of the interview, Susan Morton, at length:

When I walked into Tutwiler, I was angry—angry at the system that put me there and confused because my faith was being tested to the limit. I was surrounded by a lot of other angry and disillusioned people. I soon discovered that anger was a nice, thick wall to hide behind. I used anger to "escape" a lot of reality and I had plenty of help from those around me. One day, Annette Broxson (another former editor of the *Pens and Bars*) suggested that I join the college program to "have something to do with my time." I started



thinking it would be a good way to beat the system, to make my time count for something. So, I started going to school out of anger and rebellion.

...I think that the biggest and hardest thing for a man or woman to do when entering prison is to accept the fact that he or she has been sentenced rightfully or wrongfully, by the state for a determinable period of time. Once this fact has been accepted, then one must decide, "Am I going to fulfill my desires for myself? Or am I going to live up to society's expectations of me, which are zero." There are positive outlets for one's frustration and anger. For me it was the college program. For others, it may be one of the programs offered by the trade school. But the important thing is to make time

count.

The system, as a whole, is not too encouraging as far as educational programs are concerned. The primary concern of the Board of Corrections is with security and the functional operation of the facility. An inmate should not look for or expect encouragement from anyone. One must be totally self-motivated. We choose to be what we are. We may choose to be what we are not and work towards that goal. The necessary tools are available.

Many inmates surely choose "to be what [they] are not" and work as best they know how, toward a new identity, one suited for success on the streets. What is distressing—what is sometimes tragic—are the futile efforts of inmates who lack the complex political skills needed to survive incarceration in good

mental health.

Not many inmates can impress authorities as "exception," for there are way too many pitfalls; too much bad company; too little hope. The "exceptional" inmate convinces authorities that he is "rehabilitated" (which he usually is), and, at the same time, manages *not* to offend other inmates who might be jealous of his success. He steers clear of drugs, homosexual contacts, and fights. (Or at least he knows how to keep his weaknesses largely "secret," in a place affording no privacy.) He is, in short, a good politician, pleasing almost everybody.

Not every inmate can play this game skillfully. "It's a Catch-22, a double bind," says one politically-astute inmate:

There's always somebody who wants to mess you up. The guards expect you to obey the rules, but some of the inmates expect you to break the rules—for their benefit and comfort. Damned if you do; damned if you don't. If you're smart, you stay out of fights. The authorities don't like fights but sometimes you have to fight or at least threaten to fight. Otherwise you'll be used and abused forever. Your oppressors will demand small ransoms like food or cigarettes. They'll wake you up a 5 o'clock to get a stinking cigarette! They may demand sexual favors that you don't want to give. They'll oppress you because they think you're weak.

To avoid such harassment, inmates may be forced to fight, regardless of the rules or the guards. The alternative, to "snitch" to the warden could cost a man his life; inmates who "snitch" end up, if not in the morgue, in the hospital—or in "lock-up." Inmates caught fighting, on the other hand, run the risk of losing their "good time," their chances for early release: the most precious commodity of all. For no matter how hard authorities try to determine which party is at fault, they are bound to make mistakes, and it's easy to understand why. Who's to know which inmate is telling the truth? Which witness can be trusted?

For a while I served as a "judge" on a student government disciplinary board

drawing by Mark Metroka

designed to enforce college rules. One day I sacrificed my lunch hour in a vain attempt to determine if Inmate X really flicked cigarette ashes on the library floor and harassed the custodian. Or, was inmate X merely being framed by inmates Y and Z, who testified against him. After an hour of testimony, I couldn't tell!

"Mr. Botsford, never trust an inmate," an honor student told me just before he left Draper. His advice has needled me ever since. I try to forget it, to discount it. But I find myself nurturing suspicions anyhow, always locking doors and drawers, never leaving anything of value in my office, taking care to catch cheaters and plagiarists.

Other stories come to mind, but my deadline approaches, and I realize I have said too little about the success of the college program. Despite the prevailing penal atmosphere of distrust and paranoia, the ACSJC prison-college program has established itself as "one of the relatively few truly bright spots" within the state prison system. Former Federal District Judge Frank Johnson said that in 1976 when he ordered massive prison reform in Alabama.

The able director of the program, Dr. James Thompson, has figures on file showing that our students are far less

likely to return to prison than are other inmates. He reports that "the recidivism rate for program enrolled college-inmates (when enrolled for at least 6 months) was only 16%, compared to the prison return rate of 70-75% for the inmate population as a whole (the latter being both State and Federal estimations)."

Moreover, the Alabama Commission on Higher Education (ACHE) has praised our programs as "the most impressive and comprehensive off-campus [junior college] operation in the state." Those who follow state politics know that ACHE has been very critical of state junior colleges. This compliment, then, suggests that the prison-college program can impress those least prone to approve of it.

What the future holds for us, though, I hesitate to say. Like Robert Burns, "I guess and fear." Short-sighted members of the Alabama Legislature have passed a law which would create a "totally unbelievable, chaotic situation" in state prisons, according to Board of Corrections spokesman John Hale. Awaiting action by Governor James, this new law would severely restrict sentence reductions that inmates can earn with good behavior. To the average citizen, the law might sound "good and tough." *The*

Montgomery Advertiser reports, "The measure would prohibit any reduction in sentence for any inmate convicted of a Class A felony, such as rape or murder, or for any inmate sentenced to life or death or 10 years or more in prison." Thus, "some 55 % of the state prison population at any given time would be barred from earning reductions in their sentences...." Not only is our present penal system unable to accommodate all of these long timers, but also officials must fear a change for the worse in inmate behavior—hence the prediction of "chaos." If inmates have little or nothing to look forward to, more will turn to desperate pastimes. They will forfeit their dreams of freedom and responsibility and resort to "just getting through the day" or "just doing something for the hell of it." Prison officials will need better life insurance.

The last occupant of my office left a poster that features a word of inspiration from Langston Hughes: "Hold fast to dreams, for without them, life is a broken-winged bird that cannot fly."

If Governor James fails to veto this new law, too many jailbirds broken in spirit will see that poster and think it a mockery. I think I'll take it down.



photo by John Wilson

Lizard

1 Lizard's Journey Into Kingdom of Holy

It is morning
lizard rises from sleep
and sits at the table
lizard yawns and its mouth
thrusts out a sword
it is amazed at a small boy
dancing on the tip of its tongue
lizard picks up the pen
and begins to write poems
later the paper turns
into a cloud of light
and lizard fall in

2 Lizard Immersed In Loneliness

Lizard drank beer all day
till it couldn't see
and had to lay down
it woke up feeling strange
like its blood turning warm
its skin turning into human flesh
thinking death coming on rather quick
lizard ran into the cold shower
stepping out it turned
into three kids dancing on
a hot stone in Guadalajara Mexico

3 Lizard Like A Lizard

Lizard says shit to the sun
rises early and drags stones
from the gravel road
lizard leaves its tongue out
all day stealing insects from the birds
crawls up women's legs like trees
scrapes their thighs
with its rough belly and jumps off
into a leaf and kills it

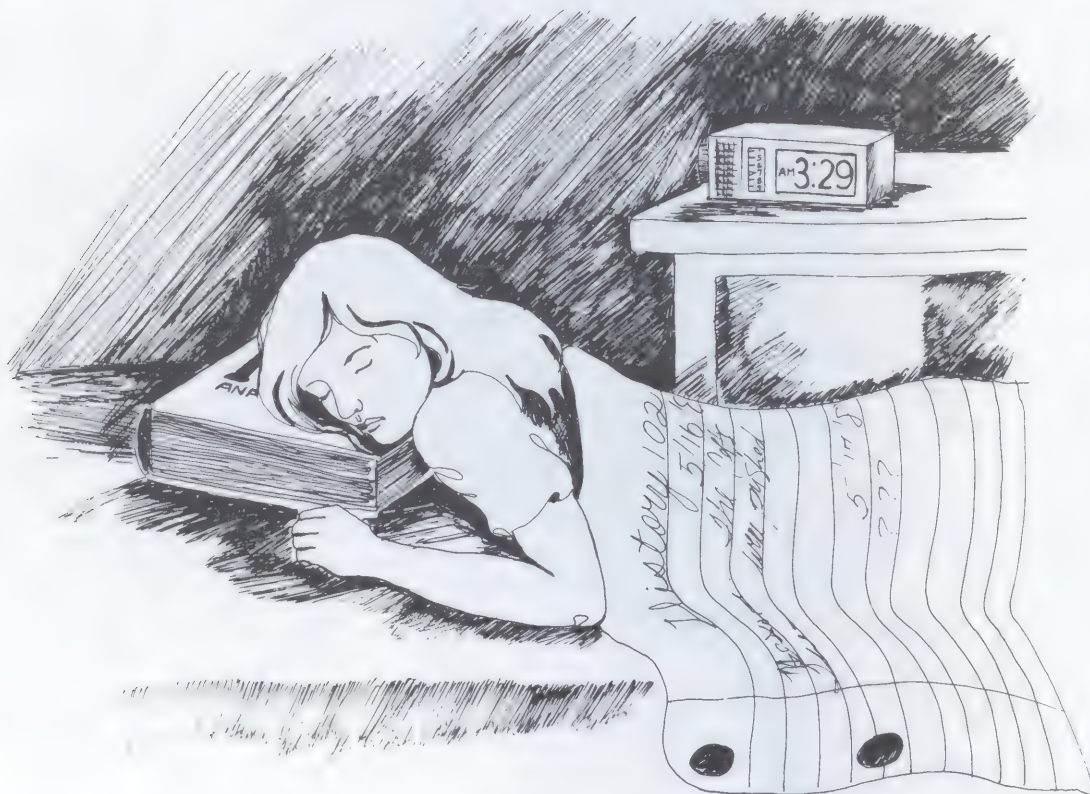
lizard sees the moon and falls
exhausted into a bed of grass

—dean wiseman golden



lithograph by Janie Farley

The ABZzzzz's of Student Sleep



By Beth J. Dees

It took Rip Van Winkle 20 years of sleep to get over a drunken hangover, and 100 years for Sleeping Beauty to get her lovelife straight, but how long does the Auburn college student need to sleep to stay happy and healthy? Eight hours? Seven? Or will five hours plus a No Doze tablet keep him bright-eyed through that 8:00 a.m. class?

A survey involving 100 Auburn students in varying curriculums revealed that seven hours a night was the average time slept during the week, while students averaged eight hours of sleep on the weekend nights. Both of these amounts match the national average. Several students claimed to need only three or four hours in bed each night to feel rested while 20% claimed to get

more than 10 hours sleep on Saturdays and Sundays.

"Sleep habits vary with the individual," said Dr. Douglass DeGood, an associate professor in Auburn's Psychology Department, "although sleep habits are mostly inherited, a certain amount of conditioning is involved." So, you may be able to shorten your sleeping time by an hour or two, but it isn't good for a natural nine-hour-sleeper to try and condition himself to five hours a night. Common sense determines how much sleep you need. Doctors agree that as long as you feel rested in the morning, your sleep habits are fine.

The common pig and the East African Mole happen to need eight hours a

night too, but while their reasons for sleeping have stayed the same as their ancestors', man's reasons for sleep have evolutionized. Ray Meedis, a world-renowned authority on sleep research, explains that, "For animals, life is a continual struggle just to stay alive, so animals sleep to stay out of trouble and to reduce their risks."

Sleeping at night may for a fact keep some students out of trouble, but the basic reasons are slightly more complex. "Biologically, sleep does undoubtedly serve some balancing or restorative action," DeGood said. But strangely enough, even after intense sleep research done in recent years, no concrete proof exists between mental or physical exertion and the need for sleep. For exam-

drawing by Becky Cousins

ple, you can lay in bed all day, doing nothing, and still go to sleep that night.

DeGood explained, "Sleep is important because anxieties are discharged and integrated into the psyche during sleep. Sleep also provides an escape for depressed or insecure people."

The desire to sleep can be as strong as the motive to eat or drink, as any student who has stayed up till 2:00 a.m. studying will tell you. But contrary to long-held beliefs, our minds don't go blank and our bodies don't switch off when we blissfully slip between the covers. A drop in body temperature during sleep, fluctuations in respiration and blood pressure rates, and other body system changes total enough activity to burn up to 800 calories a night.

In a night's sleep we may change between the five basic sleep stages as many as 30 times. Most of the dreams we recall take place in the REM (rapid eye movement) stage, when the brain's activity level is high. In this unique stage the eyelids twitch while the skeletal muscles of the body appear limp, almost paralyzed. Dr. William C. Dement claims we can dream of things we have never seen, "...as long as they are recombinations, inversions or resemblances of things we have seen." Following the light sleep and medium sleep stages is deep sleep, which takes up only about 10% of the total sleep time. During this stage a substance bearing a strong resemblance in chemical make-up to the hallucinogenic drug LSD is released in the brain. Researchers suggest it is this chemical, Serotonin, that creates the dreamy, slight hallucinations we experience during sleep.

Some sleepers use their dreams constructively, like Samuel Coleridge did when he used part of a dream in composing his famous poem "Kubla Kahn." Otto Loewi awoke in the middle of the night from a dream that led him to the theory of chemical transmission, and a Nobel Prize.

Since colleges and universities began, students have been notorious for "burning the midnight oil" in learning answers to classroom questions. In the survey, 45% claimed to have watched the sun come up at least once during the quarter while studying for a test or finishing a project.

Does "cramming" or "pulling an all-night" as the phrase goes, really get results?

"Obviously if a student is completely unfamiliar with the material he is about to be tested on, anything will help," De-good said, "but if adequately prepared, a student is much better off to save a few hours to sleep."

Sue Martin, who is working on her doctorate in clinical psychology, explains why. "A lack of REM sleep makes it difficult to take in threatening material (like unfamiliar notes!) and even retards the process of fixing a memory into long-time storage. It also makes it hard to concentrate."

Dr. Quentin Regestien of the Sleep Clinic at Harvard Medical School, offers more proof. "Certain neurochemicals (substances in the brain that carry messages between nerve cells) are exhausted during waking periods and restored during sleep. This allows many psychological processes to be better and more efficiently integrated during waking. For example, if you learn something, then sleep, you will retain more of what you've learned when you awaken than if you hadn't slept at all."

Although he probably didn't learn much, 17-year-old Randy Gardner did get himself into the Guinness World Book of Records when he went 264 hours without sleep. He suffered no ill effects from staying awake 11 days, and after a recovery slumber of only 15 hours he felt back to normal. The next night he slept his regular eight hours. Another example of your not-so-average sleeper is Miss 'M' who sleeps an average of 43 minutes per night. The 70-year-old retired nurse still keeps a busy schedule and says that 43 minutes is all she has time for.

Imagine a day with 23 waking hours. Some students would be thrilled to have hours of precious extra time to study more, party more, or whatever-they-like-to-do more but some students don't envy Miss 'M' at all because they thoroughly enjoy sleeping late on Saturday mornings and grabbing a nap when they can. Forty-seven percent of those surveyed do grab an hour-long nap when they can.

Britain's famed Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, thought naps were a

good thing. Well-known for dozing off anywhere, anytime, he once wrote, "I always went to bed at least one hour, as early as possible in the afternoon and exploited to the full my happy gift of falling almost immediately into a deep sleep. By this means I was able to press a day and a half's work into one."

People in Spain, Italy and other Mediterranean countries like naps and make them part of their daily regimen. The Spanish nap, a "siesta" means "the sixth hour from the time you get up" and the Greeks call it "messi medianos ipnos" meaning "sleep in the middle of the day." One doctor is convinced that some people can do better with two hours of sleep in the day and five or six at night. He also thinks that you can get along with less sleep if you distribute it differently.

The following list includes suggestions for getting a good night's sleep.

***Exercise!** You sleep better after the mental and physical release of tension that exercise brings. However, avoid vigorous exercise right before bedtime.

***Eat a well-balanced meal to produce your most natural sleeping patterns.** A light snack of milk, cottage cheese, eggs, nuts or lean red meat before bedtime helps because these foods are high in tryptophan content, an amino acid that triggers sleep.

***Keep things quiet.** Although this may be hard to do in a dorm or party-hearty apartment complex, a room fan or low-pitched radio static often helps drown out the irritating noises.

***Keep the room temperature around 64 to 68 degrees for a comfortable sleep.**

***Establish pre-sleep rituals** like brushing your teeth, combing your hair, or taking a warm bath, to help induce drowsiness.

***Stay away from large amounts of coffee, tea, cola and cigarettes** as these products contain stimulants that keep you awake.





drawing by Janie Farley

BARS



fiction by Amy Dawes

In the summer of 1965 in a certain underground bar, in the downtown area of a southern city in Alabama there was a young man of unusual physical beauty and magnetism who had devised a game of such perverse cruelty that people remembered him and talked about him years later, when they could no longer remember his name and only wanted to make a splash in a conversation. The man, whose name was Richard, was an artist from New Orleans who had been a popular figure in the gay counterculture there until a sudden police raid on a bar he frequented left him brutally beaten and crippled for life. He had fled New Orleans then, ashamed to show himself to his friends, and had arrived at the bar in Alabama with a young white blues singer whose unusual talent drew people from every corner of the city to listen, and insured that there was no lack of coming and going in the bar.

Richard would arrive early each night, dressed in tight blue jeans and sandals and a red hooded sweatshirt open to the waist, and position himself with a drink, his tongue afloat in a mouthful of iced gin and lime, his body flexed and rigid, poised like a young dancer at the edge of the bar. His eyes would move neither left nor right, but gaze straight ahead and back at themselves in the mirrorglass behind the bar. And in the disconnected romance suggested by this arrogant pose, he was approached not infrequently by men both older and younger than himself who would offer him a cigarette and then watch, breathlessly, the way his skin glowed in the matchlight as he lit it, and who would then invite him greedily back to their apartments, and when he agreed and stepped down to join them, they would gasp in revulsion, seeing that he was a cripple with a spine like a snapped string and arms that swung around clumsily for balance. Richard would smile cruelly at their unmasked reactions and suggest later appointments never meant to be kept, returning impassively to his mirror and glass of gin while the men retreated, visibly shaken, for a corner table and a hasty drink.

Everyone at the bar believed it was Richard who suffered the most from these exchanges, except Richard, who derived a perverse satisfaction from spreading some of the shock and disillusionment he himself had felt when six

months ago he had risen from a hospital bed only to fall back again in horror, overcome by the sense of his personal tragedy.

That same summer there was a young man traveling through the south with a harmonica and a battered guitar, his pockets always empty but his head full of dreams and ideas and his ears alive with the brand new sounds that were issuing from radios and the voices of other young people across the country that year. He was only eighteen, but he had been on the road for almost a year, coming from a place he claimed not to remember, and bringing with him stories of a past that were more dream and legend than truth. He had been in New Orleans once, and had seen a young singer there who he had never forgotten, a pale girl with long blonde hair who played a blues piano and a wailing sax and sang with a voice that could recall more poignant human experience than seemed possible. The boy had never found out her name, although he had talked to her, for that very night there had been a sudden and frightening police raid on the bar, and after that the girl had been nowhere to be found.

The boy was thinking of her that night when he ambled into the moonlit courthouse square of the Alabama city, for he was tired and lonely and he was thinking how good it would be to be holding someone's hand. The square was alive with people and the sidewalks seemed to shout with their bright colored shirts and dresses, and the street was filled with the sounds of their different colored voices and laughter. Across the street, shirtless young men lounged on the courthouse steps with cigarettes and radios playing rock and roll music.

As in most Southern towns, the courthouse was in the center of the square, and on summer nights, the windows of the jailhouse on the top floor were open. Looking up, the boy could see the dark silhouettes of hands protruding from behind bars and waving against the sky. There were lazy whistles and calls between the people on the street and the unseen men above them, and the boy caught the imaginary rhythm of hearts beating behind bars. Then he heard the dim, bluesy strains of a deeprooted music close at hand and a woman's voice singing, "All of me, why not take all of me..." His heart leapt with the shock of recognition and he

looked around wildly. At his feet he saw an iron grating in the street and he got a confusing impression of music behind bars. Then he saw the door to the bar just down a concrete stairwell a few feet away from where he stood and he raced down the stairs, quivering with excitement.

Richard was not playing his game that night, and he was profoundly glad that he was not, for when he saw the boy in the wrinkled T-shirt and tousled hair come in carrying a battered guitar and a cap in his hands, he felt the first stirring of emotion that had broken through his alcoholic haze since the night he had lost himself under a thud of fists. There was something startling about the boy that reminded Richard of a state of innocence far removed from anything in his recent experience. The bar was smoky and packed with people, and the boy seemed to move through the crowd in a daze, bumping into people with his eyes riveted to the stage. When he bumped into Richard, Richard grabbed his shoulder and invited him to have a beer. The boy accepted gratefully and sat down. "Who is that girl? I've seen her before!" he said immediately.

Richard smiled. "She's a friend of mine," he said. "She calls herself Aurora Borealis."

The boy was ecstatic at this. "That's like poetry!" he exclaimed. Richard laughed. "Yeah." He was staring at the boy, who was staring at the girl on the stage. What was it about this boy that could take him back to a place he suddenly wanted desperately to return to. He had sketched a boy like this once in Jackson Square, but surely not the same one. There had been so many faces, a dozen a day for years, until the last one...yes! the boy had been the last one! The one who had spun incredible tales while Richard drew him, and then in the end, offered no payment and played him a song instead, with boyish laughter and not a trace of the humility that had made Richard despise every face that had confronted him in the last six months.

The boy turned to him suddenly. "I've got to talk to her again!" he said. "I met her before, in New Orleans in a bar called the Blue Angel. I think I fell in love that night, but I never saw her again, because the cops came in and started busting things up!"

Richard's face turned white. He got up unsteadily and dragged himself out the door. The boy stared after him in amazement.

The girl remembered him. "Come with me!" The boy said. "We could travel together. Please, I've never forgotten you."

"I want to go back to New Orleans! I feel so trapped here!" the girl said in a rush of emotion, feeling the freedom the boy represented. Then, "No—not without Richard. He said he'd never go back."

"Who's Richard?" The boy asked, undaunted. He had not recognized the artist, he had been so intent on seeing the girl again.

"Richard," the girl said, feeling overcome. "Richard is my best friend. He's an artist. The best! But not anymore...he won't even pick up a brush anymore, because he's crippled now, and doesn't care about anything."

"Crazy!" The boy said.

"But you've got to understand!" the girl protested. "You

should have seen him before. He was so beautiful, so strong and sure of himself. Everyone loved him. They still do, but Richard doesn't believe it." She was smoking a cigarette and her hand trembled as she brought it to her mouth. "Richard helped me so much. Before I met him, I was—God, I don't know who I was but it seemed like things just happened to me. I was afraid to even sing for anybody. But he introduced me to so many people, got me to open up. He used to keep me up all night talking. We'd sit in cafes shaking—no humming! Like two prongs on a tuning fork!"

The boy leapt up in excitement, remembering all at once. Richard in Jackson Square, with the sun in his hair and pigeons all around him, painting his picture for a song... "Let's go find him!" he cried, grabbing her hand.

They found him standing motionless across the street in the shadow of the jailhouse, staring out into nothingness. He had his hands held up before him as if they clutched invisible bars.

"Richard, Richard," said the girl. "We're going back."

Richard knew what she meant, had known from the moment he saw the boy. "Can't," he said.

"What do you mean?" The boy asked.

Richard took a step and lurched back drunkenly as if he had bumped invisible bars. "Can't you see?" he laughed. "I'm a prisoner." No one spoke for a moment. "I'm the prisoner that nobody comes to see," he said softly, "Cause nobody knows I'm in here."

He took a step forward and spun around on his heel, latching onto the boy's shoulder for support. "Listen!" he said. "You can hear them whispering, and calling out to each other. They're lonely.."

They listened. It was only the night air rustling in the trees around the square.

"That sounds like a free breeze," the boy said. He walked across the grass and sat down with his guitar and began to play and sing up to the jailhouse. The girl joined him, and their voices rose up like a rock and roll choir. A small crowd began to gather, and the men in the jailhouse above began to clap and shout. The girl stretched out her hand to Richard. "What are you doing?" he shouted, frightened.

"We're setting them free," she laughed, "We're setting them free."

Richard could not help but step forward.

Afterward, Richard thought that it never could have happened if he hadn't been drunk, but by that time he was on a Greyhound bus and the sun was shining. The boy and girl were asleep in front of him, the radio on the seat between them playing "Mr. Tambourine Man." By the time the bus rolled across Lake Ponchartrain, Richard had his head out the window, gulping the air. He felt like he had awakened from a nightmare.

The night wardens in the jailhouse of that southern city in Alabama still talk about that night in the summer of 1965 when three long-haired kids played and sang on the lawn all night, and of how the prisoners were restless and hard to handle for a long time afterward.



All the Governor's Men

A Recounting of Auburn University's Search for a President

By Steve Farish

Eleven faces which bore the marks of a long, hard-fought battle peered across the table at one another. The time had come, after an arduous seven-month process, for the 11 to take the final step in selecting a leader for the institution with whose welfare they had been entrusted. Their chairman, a governor who had been heavily criticized for the role some said he had played in the search, called for the final nominations. One lone voice spoke solemnly, offering to the favor of the board one Hanly Funderburk as leader of the institution. The vote was taken quickly, as if the 11 wanted to forget about what had happened and begin anew as soon as possible. Ten voices answered in turn "aye" to the nomination; only the voice of one conscientious objector was stilled.

The process was over as suddenly as it had begun—H. Hanly Funderburk would now become the twelfth president of the institution known as Auburn University, replacing Harry M. Philpott, who had held the esteemed post for 15 years. It had been a process that had attracted even more attention from the state than the football team; it had also been a process that had left many of the faculty, students and alumni of Auburn University with a sour taste in their mouths.

Philpott had announced unexpectedly his retirement from the presidency on September 7. Many speculated that he had chosen that date because it was between quarters, and publicity of the event could be toned down somewhat. Philpott was going out with the same low-key attitude that had marked his administration. Queried by the press, he promised he would play no part in help-

ing to choose a successor. "I could give you a list of candidates," he said, "I could give you the names of every dean, department head, and faculty member at Auburn University and go beyond that, perhaps, but I think it's highly improper for a president who is going out to have any role in the selection of his successor." Philpott also said no outside pressure had played a part in his decision. He said he had warned Governor Fob James of his retirement intentions in December of 1978, a month before James even took office.

James, as chairman of the board of trustees, took the ball quickly, but his very first decision ignited the controversy that would characterize the process from that point on. He appointed the five men who would make up the board's search committee, the five who would be charged with whittling down to a small number the candidates before a final vote of the full board. Former state Senator Bob Harris was appointed chairman of the committee. His associates were Morris Savage, Rep. Bill Nichols, Ralph "Shug" Jordan, and Michael McCartney.

No students or faculty were appointed to the committee, and reaction from both groups was loud and immediate. The American Association of University Professors (AAUP), the most outspoken group of faculty during the search, called on the governor to give the faculty a role in the search. Cooper King, president of the University Senate, said he would try to set up a faculty advisory committee. Rick Harmon, editor of *The Plainsman*, spoke on behalf of the students. He called for a student advisory committee to be set up.

Some at Auburn also charged that James had appointed to the committee only friends who would do his bidding.

Two of the men—McCartney and Savage—had been appointed to the board but a few months earlier by James. Nichols had been re-appointed at the same time. Jordan had been James' coach when he was a football star at Auburn. James and Harris, however, tried to assuage the fears that politics would play too big a role in the search. James promised the search would be free of political considerations and said the committee would seek across the nation nominations for the job. Harris promised that when the number of candidates was narrowed down, the faculty and students would get their chances to provide input.

Harris' promise began to pan out quickly. After the search committee met with the University Senate, a five-member advisory board was set up. Cooper King was chairman; his associates were: Don Vives, Sara Hudson, and Lowell Wilson of the Auburn campus, and Robert Lake of AUM. A similar committee was formed with students soon afterwards. Student leaders met with the search committee on Oct. 14, and after a student input session on Oct. 30, attended by only 14 students, a five-member advisory board was formed. SGA President Ron Taylor was its chairman, and members of the committee included Harmon, SGA Vice President Dan Roberts, SGA Treasurer Clay Howell, and Sue Karmanian.

Events up until that point in the search had moved rapidly enough, but now they began to bog down. The committee accepted nominations until December 1, so it became clear that James' original hope that the committee would finish by Christmas would be impossible to achieve. During the slow days of the Christmas break, two important victories were won by faculty

and students. Taylor won his fight for the right to review the résumés most likely to lead to nominations. Members of the faculty committee were also allowed to see the résumés.

The rumors that would always surround the search became abundant in January. The Associated Press listed the names of four men it had "learned" were finalists; the report later proved to be incorrect.

Protest about the search also became abundant. The AAUP sent a letter to local newspapers criticizing the "shroud of secrecy" it believed surrounded the search. "We urge the board of trustees to abandon secrecy immediately, to explain in detail or allow the advisory committees to explain in detail the selection criteria, and to allow both the faculty and student body to have ample and open opportunity to participate in the interview of any candidate under consideration." A petition circulated among faculty calling for the halting of the search went one step further than the letter. Circulated by Dr. Crystal Kelly, the petition called the handling of the search by Harris' committee "clandestine and undemocratic." The process "has seriously impaired faculty and staff morale and will impair the effectiveness of any president so selected," it read.

The search, however, continued even as the petition was being circulated. The first of five finalists to visit the campus arrived on January 22, Hanly Funderburk, chancellor of AUM, was interviewed by the faculty and student committees as well as the deans of Auburn's 11 schools. Four other men followed within a week. James Martin, interim president of the University of Arkansas; Rex Rainer, state highway director and on-leave head of Auburn's civil engineering department; Ernest Smerdon, vice chancellor for academic affairs of the University of Texas; and Steven Sample, executive vice president of the Uni-

versity of Nebraska, each went through an identical day at Auburn.

After the five interviews, the student committee made public in the *Plainsman* its recommendations to trustee members concerning the presidential choice. The committee recommended that either Sample or Martin get the job as president. "Dr. Sample has a very strong academic record, especially considering his age," the group said. "His expertise in academics could continue to improve Auburn's academic process." The committee was equally laudatory of Martin. "He has a special understanding of where Auburn has been and where Auburn is going," the committee said. They added they felt Martin had "a very strong academic record" and had achieved "excellence in relations with students, faculty, and alumni."

A meeting was held between the search committee and the faculty committee February 1. The *Plainsman* learned later that a faculty "Super Committee" made up of the faculty committee and one representative from each school overwhelmingly recommended Sample for the job; Martin was a somewhat distant second. The committee also had a negative rating of the candidates. Rainer finished on top of that list, while Funderburk finished second.

Each of the deans was interviewed at the same time, but none wished to reveal his personal preference.

A meeting of the board of trustees was held the next day in Montgomery. The meeting was closed to the press, but it was learned later that a 7-5 vote taken at the meeting had been in favor of Sample over Rainer. Trustee Harris would reveal later that he had thought he was making a final vote at the meeting, but that the governor had asked for a 10-day extension so that Rainer and Sample could be interviewed again.

As the trustee flew out to Nebraska to interview Sample, questions arose in

Auburn concerning the lack of support for Martin on the board. Some people blamed it on a rumor that Martin had made or tried to make deals with some university officials saying that if they were to support his candidacy they would keep their jobs after he assumed the presidency. All officials contacted by *The Plainsman* said the rumor was false, and one highly placed individual suggested the starting of the rumor could have been an attempt to get Martin out of the race.

What happened between the February 2 board meeting and the next one held March 8 is unclear. After the search was over, Harris charged that during the period, Funderburk called two trustees to get them to change their votes in his favor. Apparently, Funderburk already had promises from the five who had voted for Rainer earlier that they would switch their votes to him, so it was thought that Funderburk would now have the seven votes needed to win, Harris charged.

Harris also alleged that Funderburk had made an "agreement" in which he promised to appoint Rainer as executive vice president of Auburn when he became the new president. Funderburk, though, denied Harris' allegations. "I have no commitments to hire or fire anyone," he said when the charge surfaced. "I am free to make the appointments I want to."

What is known, though, is that James did not call a meeting of the trustees within 10 days as he had said he would. Jon Hamm, the governor's press secretary, maintained that the 10-day figure was one James had set arbitrarily; however, trustee Savage said he had specifically written in his notes the exact date and time of the meeting that was not called.

James called the March 8 meeting in Montgomery unexpectedly. The plans



photos by Mark Almond

for the day were for the board to interview Rainer, Funderburk, and Sample in a closed morning session and then take a final open vote at AUM that afternoon. A spokesman for the governor predicted a new president would be selected at the meeting.

Speculations were numerous as to why James had waited so long to call the meeting. Some said James was personally supporting Rainer and now had more than the six required votes to elect him. Others said James had capitulated in the face of mounting criticism, justified or unjustified, that he was receiving concerning the search. Papers from *The Plainsman* to *The Birmingham News* had criticized James for dragging out the search; in addition, another faculty petition was being circulated. It criticized "the apparent abuse of power which the chairman of the board (James) has displayed and is displaying in the appointment of our next president."

James, however, said his involvement with the Legislature precluded his calling an earlier meeting. To charges of injecting politics into the search, he responded, "I feel it's been an open search, and I have put no pressure whatsoever on the board."

The March 8 meeting lasted only 10 minutes. Trustee Harris nominated Sample for the presidency, and trustee Henry Steagall made his nominating speech for Funderburk. One trustee, Morris Savage, said, "The only thing that surprised me about the meeting was that Rainer was not nominated." When James called for a vote, Harris, Savage, Frank P. Samford, Jr., Charles Smith, Bill Nichols, and Wayne Teague voted for Sample. James, R.C. (Red) Bamberg, Michael McCartney, Jordan, John Pace, and Steagall voted for Funderburk. After the vote, James quickly dismissed the board to vote again at a later date.

The unexpected event of the meeting

had been the vote of Smith. As the representative on the board from the Montgomery district, he had been expected to vote for Funderburk. He admitted as much after the search was over. "I know Dr. Funderburk better than anybody else on the board, and I know of his abilities to do the job," Smith said. He explained that his vote for Sample on March 8 had been a form of protest against the "politics that had been going on" during the search. "I felt the governor's participation on it was not right and I switched to Dr. Sample," Smith said.

At a March 17 meeting of the board, Smith became the first trustee to publicly criticize the search. The board is required by law to meet the day before graduation each quarter to formally approve diplomas, and this was such a meeting. A vote on the presidency was not expected to come up, and none did. James did not even attend the meeting, but his absence did not preclude Smith from speaking out. "I think it is in disrespect to the members of the board of trustees and the alumni of Auburn University that we aren't acting today," said. He also complained that there was "too much involvement by politics" in the search.

Because of yet another delay, many people involved with Auburn were becoming strained with the process. President Philpott began to wonder only half-jokingly if he would be here "until I'm 70." Faculty members got up one more petition, this one asking that the search be reopened if the deadlock were not broken soon.

The headlines across the state on Easter morning, April 6, put to rest the speculation, though. They said that Sample had, in a letter to James on April 4, dropped his name from consideration. Sample said, "I believe that it is no longer in the best interest of either Auburn University or the University of

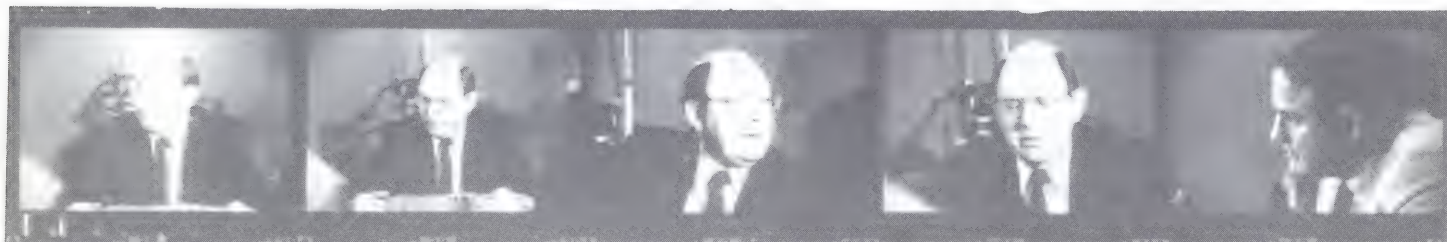
Nebraska for me to continue as a candidate."

After the April 7 meeting, though, the state learned another reason why Sample may have withdrawn. Smith, in a letter sent to board members five days earlier, had announced his intention of changing his vote from Sample to Funderburk. "Someone has to break the deadlock, and I'm willing to be the person," Smith said. He said plainly, "When I switched my vote he (Sample) decided to withdraw."

James seized upon the opportunity caused by Smith's letter to call another meeting of the board for April 7. It was on that day that the 11 men with weary faces gathered for a final time in Montgomery on the AUM campus to decide the issue that had plagued them for seven long months. The air was heavy with tension and hot with the glare of television cameras as the men entered their deliberation chamber. Many smiled nervously as they took their seats. They talked warmly with one another until the governor entered, always the sign that it was time to get down to business.

The room, filled with journalists, faculty, and students, buzzed expectantly. Few questioned what the outcome would be, but some wondered aloud why Wayne Teague, state superintendent of education, was absent. Some reporters, certain the meeting would bring little controversy, sat ready simply to carry out their assigned duties.

But the notions that this would be an ordinary meeting were quickly dispelled. Harris took the lead away from the governor at the outset of the meeting and never quite relinquished it. He first questioned the legality of the meeting, saying it was in violation of the rule that required that trustees be notified 10 days in advance of a meeting. James admitted it was, but he passed around a sheet he asked all trustees to sign that



photos by Mark Almond

would waive the rule. Harris refused to sign, so even though a vote was taken at the meeting, the result did not become official until the trustees met again April 21.

When James called for nominations to be made, Harris was the first to speak. He nominated former Alabama Governor George C. Wallace for the position. The room fairly reverberated with the initial shock, and then the laughter and applause of Harris' growing fan club of appreciative faculty and students. Harris explained that Wallace seemed to have all the characteristics most highly prized by the search committee, such as a good "knowledge of state affairs" and "familiarity with the customs and traditions of this area of Alabama." The former governor also held Auburn's highest degree, an honorary doctorate, Harris noted.

James said he did not want to accept the nomination, because he did not want to give up a valuable personal advisor like Wallace. Smith added that he had previously spoken to the former governor about taking the post and he had stated he did not want to be nominated. Harris' motion did not get a second.

But Harris was not finished. He also nominated the forgotten man of the day, Rex Rainer, for the presidency. James responded that he had a letter in his possession from Rainer asking that his name be withdrawn from consideration. James then asked Harris if he had any more nominations. "I suspect you've got more of those letters up there," Harris responded, finally resigning himself to defeat.

Henry Steagall then made for the second time a nominating speech for Funderburk. When James called for a vote for the last time, 10 men lined up behind Funderburk. Only Harris remained a dissenter. Even a call by Savage to approve Funderburk by unanimous acclamation did not change Harris' mind. "We had an opportunity to do something remarkable for Alabama, to go out and search for the very best person that could be found," Harris said. "For God's sake, we could do no less than that, but speaking for Bob Harris, we have not done that which is best for Auburn University."

Other trustees, however, had nothing but praise for Funderburk. Steagall called Funderburk's work at AUM "brilliant," and Jordan also complimented the progress the chancellor had overseen. Reaction at Auburn was predictably mixed. Faculty members who had heavily backed Sample were naturally disappointed, but most were more disappointed with the search process itself. AAUP president-elect Gordon Bond said, "I am not disappointed that Dr. Funderburk got the job, I am disappointed that the legitimate search process broke down when it got to the five finalists." Edward Hobbs, dean of the School of Arts and Sciences, called Funderburk "an able, hard-working administrator with a record of success." Philpott said his replacement "has worked well with the university and is quite familiar with it. I think you will see the faculty and students getting behind him and giving their support."

Probably the attitude typical of most people, though, was that of Ron Taylor. "From the very start of the search, the selection committee said that whatever decision was reached, not everyone would

be happy," Taylor said. "I'm sure there are some people disappointed by the decision," he admitted, "but we've got a president—we've got to get behind him."

So with a good number of his employees and students disapproving of either him or the manner in which he was selected, Hanly Funderburk took over officially on April 24 as the university's new president. Funderburk had not been living in a closet for the previous seven months—he knew exactly what the feelings about him would be at Auburn. He knew that the road ahead could be as rough as it could be long. But Funderburk was ready to meet that challenge. He wanted to put the search behind him and get to work, a trait that had characterized his leadership.

A good number of people at Auburn wanted to forget the search too. It had not been an ideal process, and a lot of Monday morning quarterbacking would be going on to point out its flaws. But it had given Auburn a new president who promised to commit his entire energies to improving the university. That was a hope all Auburn people, regardless of belief about the search, could hold onto.



The Same Thing

Daylight is banished from Gauguin's primitive paradise
as the golden sun brings down a blood-bruised sky.
After heavy rains, the mountain streams appear,
running over the black stones of dead volcanoes;
In the dusk air, they become violet snakes
winding through the iron trees and palms,
emptying from narrow valleys into cool lagoons.

Teha' amana, animal as Eve in Eden,
bathes in an icy pool while the day grows tired,
water rolling from her fingers into her warm mouth.
On a mat of pandanus leaves, she dries,
rubbing coconut oil and gardenia petals over her body.
Then, like a panther,
she parts the reeds before the jungle
and enters—
stalking the savage hearts of the night.

—Steve Willoughby

A New Beginning

Satire by Grey Eagle

DAY 1***Barry Milhous Fleapott resigns as president of Auburn University. Governor Flub James sets up a revolutionary council to search for his successor as long as they do not search beyond Montgomery. Student and faculty outcry against an all-trustee search is reduced to its usual ineffective whimper.

DAY 31***Meetings between faculty members and the Bored of Trustees end with empty promises and thinly veiled threats against the faculty. Entire Auburn campus held hostage by Flub.

DAY 35***Student leaders meet with Council, which threatens to cut off the city's Izod supplies if not left alone. Student leaders kiss trustees' feet and bow politely out the door.

DAY 51***Rod Tapir, Student Misgovernment Ringmaster, calls a meeting with the student body. Student body shows up, mistakes meeting for a Forum event, and walks out the door.

DAY 53***Fleapott calls search "unacceptable" and asks that something be done before the turn of the century. He sets a deadline, it passes, he falls asleep. Tapir is allowed to see resumés of the top 18 candidates only after sustained temper-tantrums and whining.

DAY 107***Search is down to five finalists. Flub and the trustees judge each of the entrants on style, poise and nearness to Montgomery. Faculty gets in a snit, calls Trustees a "bunch of old farts." Tapir prepares one-man foot-kissing routine for Broadway.

DAY 114***Student Committee gives the kiss of death to two candidates, citing them as their favorites. Simple Steven and Gem Martian leave Alabama, whistling "Take This Job and Shove It." Headly Thunderburp starts packing.

DAY 120***Tapir hears that Simple Steven is in town, arranges rescue attempt with ROTC Space-Rangers. Attempt fails when ROTC convoy is blocked by "Auburn for Harry Krishna" street rally.

DAY 131***Gem Martian finally disqualified by Bored. Rumors spread that Martian "isn't a nice person," i.e. an incurable brown-noser.

DAY 158***Faculty present petition that Flub convene meeting, balance the national budget, and rescue the hostages. Flub goes fishing.

DAY 178***Trustee Chuck Smitherable shows up with twisted arm, votes for Thunderburp. Bored, frightened of similar accidents and enriched by large monetary gifts, all vote same way. Trustee Bald Hairless votes for Simple, refuses to accept bribes. Bored laughs him out of the meeting.

DAY 182***Headly shows up at Presidential Mansion, kicks Fleapott out on porch, declares himself "President-for-life." Student hostages released, thundering herd converges on ABC store to relieve trauma and begin the healing process. Flub smiles, congratulates Bored on job well done, girds loins for assault on education budget.

How the Perfect Stars Fall

I'll tell you a big secret, mon cher. Don't wait for the Last Judgement. It takes place every day.

—from Albert Camus' *The Fall*

I

This being the season for hurricanes,
they slowly stack the sandbags
as all the dusty pyramids
are drug in from the plains.
While in the arid tomb of the heart
the pedestal is toppled.
In the gray shadow of the vault
the thieves begin the dance.
And in the murky taverns of the night
the talk has turned to blame.
What fools we are making of ourselves
in pursuit of the one great passion.

I have detected a certain apathy along the shore
as I watch the laborers prepare for war;
And I too am guilty of such things...
—I did not stop when I heard the body
of the weeping girl in the black
hit the cold waters by the quays.
As frantic souls cry out to the dark
and wait for its reply,
the whispering bits of gray ash
will settle on our lips.

II

Like Rimbaud's indifferent sailor,
I measure time only by the stars
and forsake the tethered crew.
Consumed by the deluge of a wicked heart,
I now face the storm alone,
satisfied in a role as judge-penitent.
And still I wonder why,
why the heart is so sacred.

Be most careful where you stand and smile...
—as for me...
I must look for a Lazarus
in the darkness of this sighing sea.
*Je vois la lune ce soir
mais où sont les étoiles?*
The skeletons of seabirds crawl from the sand.
Near the Tropic of Cancer, I kick, kick.

Over the ocean, the stars explode...
—a perfect pirouette,
they tumble
to become streetlights and storesigns.
A dream.

III

(The dead of night)
All the stars have left my ceiling
—except for a lurid moon—
a perfect cinema of darkness.
I thought the lady across the way was spying on me;
Turns out, she was only studying the hieroglyphics
drawn on the bedroom wall...
—Such worry is mere superstition.

I see the window
I see the moon
I see the witch of the woods
as she leans 'gainst the gem-smooth boulder of wanderlust
and waits for perfect lovers.
Love? Ah! that mad waste of time and self.
More duplicity in love than in all things else.
A wastrel stone knows the rule...
—clay is dead, the fool.

But how she inspires those hearts,
those sweating, stuffed hearts,
to lure her from the brooding sky
and plunge her into the boiling depths
of my own heart's attrition.
These relicts are not easily discarded.



This is a revised version of the poem that won **Second Place, Sigma Tau Delta Poetry Contest**

lithograph by Gary Jones

IV

It is queerly windy tonight.
All the radios are on.
Toward my cottage, the beach has beat a bloody retreat.
I dance beneath a ghastly moon
tortured by this ceaseless moan
of frothing regurgitation.

Along the swirling shore,
the gun turrets scan the universe.
Let us walk these sands together
before the plaintive lights are dimmed...
—One last stagger into the curdling sea.

Through the night,
a milkwhite winding sheet unfurls.
The spume rears its pale head, waits suspended.....
(I sink—a wounded skeleton clawing the sand)
.....then collapses with an alabaster shudder.
Plunging back to blackness,
I catch a glimpse of Lazarus
rushing into the city
as the adulterous light of the night
drowns in the darkness.

The stage is cleansed.
New stars begin the dance again.

—Steve Willoughby



lithograph by Gary Jones

A Mason Jar

I want to open a Mason jar
And catch a big, delicious, helping
Of todayness inside
(Like I used to catch lightning bugs)
So that tonight,
Just before I go to bed,
I can sit by my window,
Unscrew the jar's lid,
Squint my eyes,
And see, taste, feel,
Smell, hear, gulp,
Hug Todayness,
Again.

—Sissi Carroll

A Deer in Foliage

A large wing sweeps over us
and it is night
we stand in the midst
of our arms wrapped like vines
for the first time
in this dark house
where the wood dreams
about life in a forest
you speak a few words
I haven't forgotten
that sound like the music
in a raindrop kissing a leaf
for the last time
I think then
about the magic in words
the sound
just as antlers rise
from my head
and become branches
their leaves hanging down
around my face like wild hair
my soft eyes
lying opposite of yours
between them
the only river of light

—dean wiseman golden



Children captivate me. Maybe some of that captivation is jealousy; perhaps I'm envious of their devotion and trustfulness toward others. Or held, like a fool romantic, in awe of the innocence they still possess.

Whatever the reason, as I focus my camera on a child, it is those very qualities I seek to capture. That aura of magic that surrounds children as they charge into life with a wistful smile, or gaze into the camera, puzzled or intrigued. Children flow with the faith that moves mountains.





The Effect of Meteorite Damage Insurance Selling

fiction by Richard Speake

Flem got tired of being a fry cook one day, and decided to use his creative abilities to further his income. "Why," he asked "must I spend bundles of time behind this greasy counter, flipping greasy scum-cakes and greasy eggs, for a bunch of greasy customers, with their greasy appreciation?" At that point, he realized it was time to turn life around to what he wanted. At 31, time was short, or so he felt.

Kicked out of college his first semester, his hopes dashed by a framed cheating scandale, Flem had thoroughly withdrawn into the macabre world of short orders and tall tales. His spirit broken and he had nothing to show for it but a greasy flat overlooking the greasy Ohio River as it eased past Cinncinatti, bound for that greater greasiness of waters called the Mississippi.

"No more!" he shouted one day, full in the face of his perplexed employer, who had always viewed Flem as a most trustful and stable employee. He flung off his greasy apron, shook a fist into the air, and strode like an uncaged beast out the door, into the gloom, his partial bald spot gleaming the street lights back at the Tip Top Cafe as a final farewell. Until this day, as the legend states, that was the last gleaming the other beleagured souls of the Cafe would ever recall seeing of Flem McIntosh.

Flem kept walking into the depths of Cinncinatti, with a sure, strong gait, unlike his usual behind-the-counter shuffle. A new purpose flooded his being, a song coursed his veins, and he felt strength and drive unlike he'd known for over ten years. Yes, Flem was striding along, whistling a tune, smiling and feeling fine, as if he was a falsely accused criminal granted final reprieve. His footsteps echoed down the empty streets on the way to the riverfront. The waters beckoned a half mile away.

What Flem couldn't figure out was the exact form his new life would assume. A number of images flashed through his mind, but nothing seemed to fit. Back to college? Join the merchant marines? Simply leave town and find another job in new surroundings? No, Flem couldn't pin it down. He wandered on, aimlessly, searching a beacon that refused to shine. No turning back, either. He'd really caused a scene at the old Tip Top Cafe, and would be rather unwelcome there from now on.

He pulled out his pigskin wallet and counted up a meager \$10.42, counting the change in his pockets. That, plus a few hundred in a savings account and a few liquid assets comprised his kingdom. "Not tough enough to be a gangster," he convinced himself, "not inspired enough to be an artist," he

continued, "Just what, though? What I need is a sign."

Flem spent the remainder of the evening searching for signs. Nothing on the established billboards seemed promising, just the same old tired sell, sell, sell. He looked around and saw automobiles, streetlights, dimly lit buildings, advertisements, rats, gutters, broken glass, trash, telephone poles, wires, occasional unidentifiable passersby, dogs, cats, glass doors, lit rooms in upper stories, unlit rooms on lower floors, and the few wisps of fog rolling in off the river and straggling across the domain of man. Flem felt tired and sat down on the curb. As his thought scrambled, like so many eggs, his eyes wandered, carrying the search skyward, to the ultimate realms of intellectual escape. That ancient repository of quests beyond the iron-bound ways of civilization. It was here, he reasoned, that the true sign would appear. And lo! after an hour or so of relaxed sky-scanning, Flem had his sign; a shooting star, a scooting mass of extra-terrestrial origin, blazing briefly for his eyes alone, fulfilling its mission at the appropriate time. Nice thing about omens. They're always punctual.

At this point, the gross realization struck him full in the awareness, and Flem leapt up and spun around, teary-eyed and light of heart. He knew what to do at last! No mistake; the heavens do not lie. His mission: to become a door to door meteorite damage insurance salesman. "It's so obvious!" cried Flem.

Many weeks went into the designing of the project. Flem had to come up with an official-looking policy document, all original, and figure out a way to mass-produce it. Then he would have to work on his sales pitch; no small task altogether, he realized.

Flem spent over a month holed up in his two-room apartment, living off savings and furiously refining and polishing a form for the policy. Twenty hours a day for a month and a bedraggled Flem emerged victorious from his monasticness, clutching a smeared and stained first draft, covering up to \$50,000 worth of claim damage.

"What I need is a second opinion," mused Flem, so he set off one afternoon to see his occasional companion and sexual release, his 43-year-old landlady, Clarinda Benuvue. She was younger-looking than her age, but a flash of gold when she smiled revealed the ravages of time. Flem hadn't seen her since the last time he paid rent, and she was non-plussed about his coming and going so infrequently. But she had four or five other beaus, and lost no sleep over Flem's inconsistencies.

Third Place, Sigma Tau Delta Fiction Contest

Flem sprang down the stairs two at a time, despite his sleepfilled eyes and days of pushing his potentials to the limit. He was doing fine until his left wing-tip shoe landed squarely on a puddle of dog piss on the seventh step from the bottom. Instantly, he found himself be-bopping, heel and toe, thin arms waving about frantically, miraculously staying bipedal.

Clarinda arose with a vengeance upon hearing the commotion, thinking it to be a wild bunch of trouble-makers, so she prudently snatched up a handy nine-iron golf club and cracked her door a bit. The next instant, a most bent out of shape Flem McIntosh bodily burst into the room, crashing the door full open, and tumbling into Clarinda, still falling from the seventh step. They ended up in a heap on her hand woven rug. Somehow, in the confusion, Clarinda instinctively shoved the nine iron at her intruder, not being able to recognize Flem in such a state of disarray. It wound up down the front of his black corduroys, narrowing missing the danger zone.

"What the hail, you iggnerant fool! Come jumping in on me like I's a damned trampoline!" Clarinda bellowed.

"I-I-I'm s-sorry" replied Flem busily disengaging the nine iron with a free hand and undrapping his other from between Clarinda's knees.

They clumsily parted and rose, and as Clarinda smoothed her ruffled feathers, Flem confided to her that he'd really hit on something for real.

"This," he said as he fished out the rumpled document, "is my ticket to a new life, my dear."

"Huh! Looks like you done flipped out for real! Carrying around a scrap of paper like you got something up your dirty sleeve! You'd better apologize, come busting in like you're the fire department!"

"Oh Clarinda, dear sweet Clarinda. I'd never see you done wrong, but the stairs were wet, you see, and I'm fortunate you were there to break my fall."

She gave him a quizzical stare, then slowly changed it into a 14-karat smile. "Flem, you old schemer-dreamer, tell me what's on your mind."

"Well, its like this: say a meteorite was to strike your place. The damage it does would not be covered in your average insurance policy."

"What?!"

"Yes...you would be out of luck. But, if you'd arranged for meteorite damage insurance, you'd be covered for such extra-terrestrial accidents, and consequently..."

"Consequently you're talking a lot of foolishness, Flem. What would people want with such? No good ever come of it."

"No, no, you missed the point. It's all a joke, you see. I'm not qualified to be a true insurance broker, but as a gag gift, a policy like this," and Flem held it up close to her face for emphasis, "would sell!"

And so the laborious process of printing, distribution, and sales of the policy began to unfold. Flem spent his next to last \$100 on printing, etc. (after paying Clarinda up a month in advance) and was soon ready to start canvassing the neighborhoods.

Flem asked himself, "who would be most likely to appreciate such an item? Surely someone with money to spare." He then decided to bus up to the north section of town and try catering to the rich.

Soon Flem was flat-footing down Bellevue Boulevard, eyeing mansions and finally getting his nerve up to go knock on one of the sumptuous door fronts. One hundred yards from the street, he rapped a lion-headed knocker against a matching bronze plate, and soon was greeted by a manservant with elevated nostrils.

"Good day, sir. What I have here is no ordinary offer," exclaimed Flem, as he held out a sample copy. "The gag gift of the year! And only \$5 puts this limited edition masterpiece masterpiece on the wall." The impassive butler perused the document briefly, shot a swift glance at Flem, frowned, and heaved the heavy oak door shut in his open-mouthed face.

"Damned idiot! No sense of humor, eh?" cried Flem as he trotted briskly away, down the drive. Things descended from there on for poor Flem, as he went to twenty more such houses that day before getting entirely fed up with the whole shebang. At one point, a large, ruthless, Doberman pinscher charged at him across the front lawn of an especially opulent residence. This forced an adrenalin-powered Flem to fling his attaché of documents full in the face of the enraged beast, and it subsequently burst open upon striking the ground near the dog. Flem then spent an exhausting five minutes fighting off the dog while attempting to gather up the wind-scattered papers, until someone from the dwelling finally called off his pet. He and an over-excited Flem McIntosh then exchanged curses, epithets, and blasphemies until Flem cooled off enough to get the hell off his property.

At twilight, Flem was limping homeward, feeling blue and blistered, when a squad car appeared, and the occupants invited him in for a ride. They informed him of the ordinance prohibiting soliciting in the area, and since they'd received six complaints against him that afternoon, decided to charge him the full amount of the \$100 fine, which would surely leave him penniless.

At the station they soon arrived and began processing a most subdued Flem. Before they got his I.D. and money, a couple of curious patrolmen read one of Flem's efforts aloud, and all the other officers got a belly laugh at Flem's expense.

"Get this, ha, ha," choked one corpulent cop named Barry. "Not to be confused with a real insurance policy, in the fine print! Jeez! This guy's all out!" Next, sure enough, as the station was guffawing at Flem altogether, something occurred that totally caught them all off guard. Brick and ceiling debris suddenly began orbiting around the room, and all inside the building experienced the unique sensation of going temporarily deaf. Flem came around first, checked himself for damage, found none, found his attache, grabbed it, took one look at a gaping 10-foot hole in the north wall and ceiling, whistled, and split. Meanwhile, the befuddled police scurried around in various stages of disarray, coughing on the clouds of dust and thoroughly oblivious to Flem's disappearance. They suddenly had bigger fish to fry.

Back home an hour later, Flem proceeded to spend the rest of the night pondering the unique incident. The next morning around 6 a.m., he stumbled down to the nearest street corner and purchased a paper. The headline read: "Cinninatti Police Struck By DC-10 Motor Mount." The article said no one was seriously hurt in the one-in-a-billion accident, but heavy damage was sustained in the processing room area. Flem was beside himself with mirth. He jogged back to his apartment and spent the rest of the day laughing it up with Clarinda, despite his lack of rest. Yes, Flem had to admit the last laugh was best.

He never did go back on the streets peddling his "wares",

but one day lucked up on showing his materpieces to a student living in one of Clarinda's suites. Flem ended up selling the whole sales kit to the young man for \$75, all 200 copies, just to get some quick cash. Seems the kid had a lot of rich friends to deal them to. Of course, Flem kept the original, framed it, and hung it up for posterity.

Flem eventually moved in with Clarinda, and they soon became partners in real estate, collaborating on fixing the places up and getting more rent. They soon began speculating all around town, drawing from Clarinda's nest egg inheritance, and became financially secure in less than a year. As it turned out, Flem was a whiz at property evaluation.

Editor's Note: First place in the Sigma Tau Delta Fiction Contest was won by M.G. Trend for his story, "The Losing Game." Dr. Trend has respectfully declined publication in *The Circle*.



photo by Rob Lotufo

Inside We Dance

Ladies in blue
turning in time
smile in passing
inside we dance

Music nightly
upbeat of swing
intrepid loners
inside we dance

Parking lot bar-room
backseat hotel
taxicab service
inside we dance

Turning, burning, choosing, losing
hoping, groping, stroking, choking
Outside we're placid
leave it to chance
inside we churn
inside we dance

Amplified feedback
motionless waltz
heartache served nightly
inside we dance

Everyone's gorgeous
we take no chance
forget the outsiders
inside we dance

—VaNita Trippe

thots on edward estlin

how free he was
to play with words,

just like a child with blocks,
he piled them up, in two's or five's

to flick one off
with wink of eye or tweak of toe,
scattering the rest with explosive fist.

like an out-of-school-for-the-summer kid's
first
day
at
the
pool

flailing arms in water words, sentence sprays
for the hellofit or sound of it

whichever what it happened to be

delighting in delicious dollops
of thots that fell to unlined paper that someone
understood.

I
pause
in prayer, for teachers who have gone before,
who failed to comma him into proper parenthesis.

I love his
bellydishes mudpies
made for kids like me to eat.

—Beth J. Dees

Honorable Mention, Sigma Tau Delta Poetry Contest

Talk of Dante and Cervantes,
Float...in the liquid of Swan Lake
And give yourself a stiff
"Good show"
To celebrate your well-bred class.

For you, sir,
You are Cultured.
(Like spreading fun-
gus in a petri glass.)

—Sissi Carroll

Honorable Mention, Sigma Tau Delta Poetry Contest**My fm/am digital clock radio**

is stuck at 12:44.
This would be symbolic,
except that I can
move the numbers
to any other stasis.

The second sweep
keeps its pace however,
constantly turning over
from 60 to 0—
changing nothing.

The radio part works
when I hold my foot on top—
I, the muse, descend
on its plastic body
and it warbles rock'n'roll
or spouts the news.

I suppose I keep it
for the tiny red beacon
that lights my face
and helps me find myself
at night.

—ken taylor

Socks In My Sleep

Socks are rising in my sleep
white blue brown and black ones
they are leaving their mates
some are leaping like soft women
from dresser knob to dresser knob
some are pulling a vein out
of themselves and sliding down
like men escaping from their
fat wives in the night
they are marching up the bed
beneath the covers
they are dancing the death-jig
on my bare feet
them moving exhausted
like slumped shadows
into the land of lost socks
in the morning I awaken
and find tears of lint
covering my feet
like brand new threads.

—dean wiseman golden

Behind the Scenes

By Beth Holman

You fuse your acting into everything. Everything is acting, because life is acting." This is the philosophy of Robert Bouchillon, who played two characters—Chandebise, a French aristocrat, and his look-alike, Poche, the hall porter—in the university production of "A Flea in Her Ear," a farce by Georges Feydeau. When acting, "you're very vulnerable. It's like going on stage with no clothes on. Actors are very insecure people."

Though university students occasionally attend the theater, few realize what is involved behind the scenes. The play involves not only the actors but the director and the costumer as well.

Norman Gevanthor, the director of the play, "is the most different director" Bouchillon has ever worked with. Most directors on the university level "baby you, coddle you and spoon-feed you. A professional doesn't do that. On the first day, he gave us blocking (where to move on stage), intentions (the underlying meaning of the lines), and motivation (a reason for doing everything). We fought that. We usually take them one at a time."

Gevanthor listed several steps that lay the foundation for a successful production. "First, the producer and the staff choose the play. Then, they decide on a director, who either accepts or declines. From the beginning, the costumer and the designer work on the costumes and the set of the play. Then, the director sees the available actors, auditions them and decides which ones best fit the parts. With these things taken care of, the director, the producer and the staff agree on the concept of the play; that is, how it will be presented."

"On the first day of rehearsal, the director and the actors read through the play and discuss the characters. They also talk about a schedule, and the director reminds them of their commitment to him and to each other."

The commitment of an actor takes dedication and determination. "You spend at least four hours a night just in rehearsal," Bouchillon said. "Theater people are different from other professionals, because they have to use their creative abilities." By putting at least

400 hours into each play, an actor tends to lose his creativity at times. "It's just like a writer's slump. When you get dried up, that's where a good director comes in. He's like your mother, your father, your psychiatrist and your doctor all in one."

Actors find a family in those around them. Bouchillon said of others in the theater department, "They're all your family. You have to work for each other, care for each other and love each other. You can't just say, 'I'll do this play and no more.' There's got to be more."



photos by John Wilson

Working in the theater is a unique profession in that it dominates the actor's entire life. "To want it isn't enough," Gevanthor said. "You have to need it."

Both natural ability and determination make for a good actor. More specifically, Gevanthor pointed out, "There are several characteristics I look for in my actors: flexibility of voice, supple control of the body, clarity of expression and personal charm that comes with the individual." The actor's secret to success is "who you know and how you come across. It takes a vast amount of professionalism. It all stems from the attitude," Bouchillon explained. "If you've got a job to do, you do it. You go to rehearsal to work, not to play, not to socialize, but to work."

One lady that knows about work is Kris Hanssen, the costume designer. She puts in from 80 to 120 hours each week during production. But being a costume designer also has its good points. "Being able to see my own creations on stage and being able to spend

money for something I really like" bring Miss Hanssen the greatest satisfaction. She sews vigorously, surrounded by the disorder of ragged remnants and unfinished uniforms.

The competition in professional acting puts tremendous pressure on contenders. "You'll find that most actors are temperamental, in sensitivity and awareness, for example. A professional knows what he can do, and he's got to sell it to the director. If you don't look right in the eye of the person directing, you don't get it," explains Bouchillon.

"An actor is like an insurance salesman. He knocks you off your stool and helps you back up again, and you appreciate it. Or maybe you hate him for it. An actor exposes himself on the stage. That makes him vulnerable, very vulnerable, but he has to take that risk."

Actors, costumers and directors each contribute to the production. It takes that special mixture of vulnerability, professionalism, determination and natural ability to make a play a success.





DO NOT PASS GO

By Isaac Joyner

How would you propose to end poverty in the rural south? How would you propose to end poverty acknowledging that our present piecemeal programs, from food stamps and aid to dependent children, to the Auburn Social Concerns Council, have not been successful? The South East Alabama Self-Help Association (SEASHA) proposed a new solution: a project called the Family-Farm Cooperative to be

The plight of the "Marvyn Gardens" farming cooperative

developed in southwestern Lee and northern Russell Counties near the Marvyn Community—a location that prompted one punster to call it "Marvyn Gardens."

The cooperative will be based on a successful project developed in the rural south during the depression called the Farm Security Administration Resettlement Project. Israel used this plan successfully in resettling European Jews into the Israeli wilderness.

If present methods have not ended poverty, and if the idea SEASHA has proposed has worked, then why does SEASHA face opposition from the Lee-Russell Concerned Citizens group who wish to block the plan's implementation?

John Brown, SEASHA president, and others at SEASHA developed the idea for the Family-Farm Cooperative over a period of several years. Brown traveled to Africa and to Israel to study similar projects. This project, one of three in the Southeast, will provide a low to middle income for up to 120 fam-

ilies, mainly black families from the 12 county region surrounding the SEASHA main office in Tuskegee. The cooperative will operate like a small agricultural village in which the living areas will be near each other so that educational and social services and a community center can be used by all the families. SEASHA will train the farmers for two years in three groups of 40 over a total period of six years. Those who do not successfully master the techniques of family farming will be asked to leave.

The Marvyn Cooperative will produce truck-farm, labor-intensive products (products that require more labor than capital to produce instead of using great amounts of expensive fertilizer and machinery) such as fruits, vegetables, sweet potatoes, greens, and blueberries, as well as honeybees and livestock. These products will supply most of the family's food requirements.

The principle behind the Family-Farm Cooperative and behind SEASHA is developing wholesome and productive

alternatives to welfare dependence and encouraging individual initiative. The Marvyn project's premise is that if poor people are given comprehensive initial help and training, they will be able to lift themselves out of poverty. The project has been extensively planned to insure that these families will be able to break out of the cycle of poverty—the lack of training, the lack of opportunity, and the lack of capital—by attacking all three of these causes at once. The Cooperative will give its members access to low-cost seed, fertilizer, and equipment. It will allow these small, 20-25 acre farms to operate with the same economies of scale available to large farmers.

The cooperative is an ambitious project, well-planned and somewhat costly. Over its 12-year history SEASHA has shown itself able to handle ambitious projects successfully. It currently operates an agricultural marketing cooperative, a credit union, a business development service, a home construction company, a rural home repair program, and an apartment complex for the elderly and the handicapped. Last year, in its continuing progress towards self-sufficiency, it had a budget of \$1.5 million. Seventy-three percent of the money came from earnings and 27% came from grants (mostly Ford Foundation grants).

SEASHA faces considerable opposition from local farmers in spite of its good intentions. Lee and Russell farmers, like other rural southern farmers, currently benefit from having a pool of low-paid tenant farmers who receive rent-free shacks in exchange for labor. This housing frequently has no indoor plumbing. The arrangement prevents the tenant from ever owning his own land. Local white farmers have not been pleased by SEASHA's plans to build the Cooperative in Marvyn. Marvyn, however, was not SEASHA's first choice for a site. Originally SEASHA tried to purchase land in Lowndes County—the poorest county in the nation—but could not find anything suitable. It also attempted to purchase land in Bullock County, but the landowner wanted too much. SEASHA settled on the tract near Marvyn. Local farmers encouraged SEASHA to look elsewhere. They even offered to help SEASHA relocate the project.

Brown accepted their offer but the Concerned Citizens never followed through with a site.

In recent public hearings in which SEASHA attempted to get local governmental units (such as the Lee County Area Council of Governments and the Lower Chattahoochee Valley Area Planning and Development Commission) to concur on SEASHA's federal grant applications, the Concerned Citizens stated that the Cooperative "is not the American way of farming, that American farmers do not know how to farm that way." Besides being ethnocentric, the statement is only a half-truth. It is true that American farmers have lost the skills of family farming because large farmers direct most governmental research toward farming operations. SEASHA therefore had to import Israeli experts to help plan the Cooperative. But it is also true that American farmers are familiar with cooperatives. Nearly every farmer belongs to some type of cooperative. According to the Alabama Department of Agriculture, in January 1977, 120 "purchasing and marketing associations," or cooperatives, operated in the state.

The Concerned Citizens also argue against the Cooperative because they think the Cooperative will import inner-city blacks who will demand services from local schools, hospitals, and jails, without paying any taxes. While the Cooperative may attract a few people from Birmingham, SEASHA designed it to prevent local unemployed and landless people from leaving the rural south. Lee County, for example, lost 3% of its black population between 1970 and 1977. Although the argument that the farms will pay no taxes stems from the fact that the cooperative's initial funding will come from non-taxable foundations and from the federal government, the members will pay taxes just like everyone else once they complete their training. And like any other business venture, the Cooperative will increase the tax base for local governments.

A third major objection deals with the Cooperative's cost and financing. The Lee-Russell Concerned citizens complain that federal money will finance part of the project. It will, to the tune of \$16.7 million. But most (\$30.7 million)

of the money will come from the Ford Foundation. Like any private foundation, the Ford Foundation has the right to distribute its money where it believes it will do the most good. The farmers seem to overlook the money that Alabama taxpayers currently pay to support their tenants through food stamps and other welfare payments. In effect, the taxpayers subsidize their workers and their profits. The farmers also overlook the \$7.6 million dollars that pours into Lee County from the Department of Agriculture in the form of subsidies every year, along with \$374,000 in federal loans to rural residents in this county annually. And they overlook the \$3 million that goes to the Auburn University Experiment Station, an agency that was set up to do research for the small family farm (but which states that small family farms are not viable and are not even appropriate today). And finally, they overlook the USDA study that shows that large farmers much more often do not repay loans than do small farmers. The \$16.7 million for the Marvyn Cooperative is a one-shot deal; however, the \$13.347 million that comes into this county for concerned citizens, comes every year, year after year.

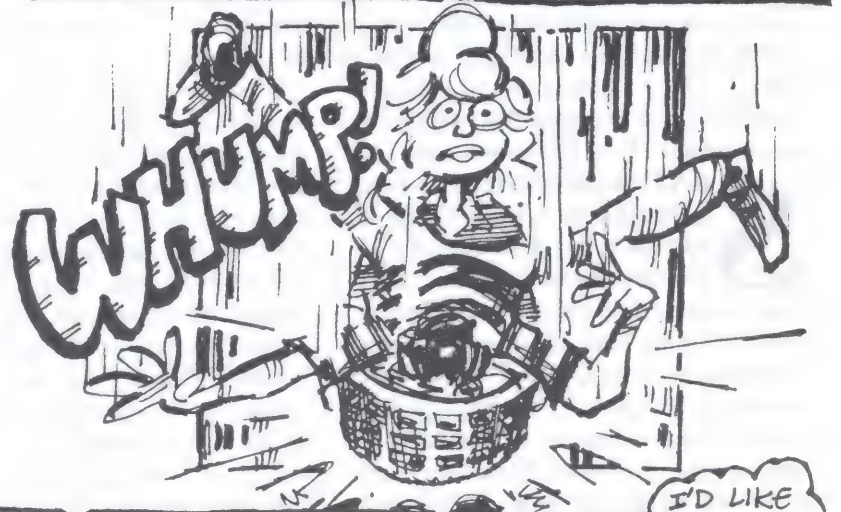
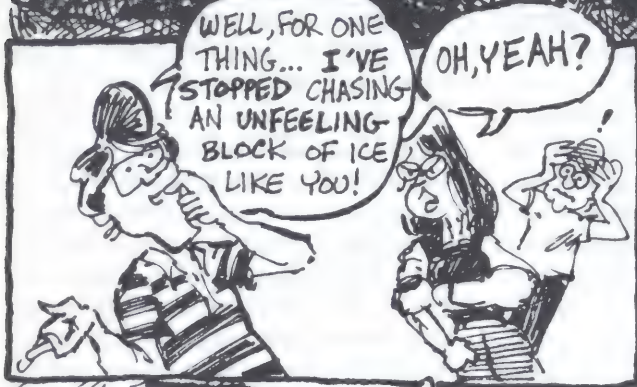
The concerned citizens state that the Cooperative will never make its projected \$15,000 per farm per year. However their figures projecting \$13,050 per year, are at least a year old, and do not account for the retail value of the food each family will consume, or that the farms will be operated as labor intensive enterprises and not capital intensive ones. In other words, the Cooperative farms will use the labor of the entire family, instead of relying on expensive hired labor and managers.

Our present approach to fighting poverty only makes life endurable for those in need. The SEASHA project proposes to develop a community of self-sufficient people who pay taxes instead of receiving handouts. This will benefit society as well as those who participate. The Lee-Russell Concerned Citizens seem more interested in preserving a pool of cheap labor than in being concerned with the lives of their tenants. In spite of local opposition, SEASHA is continuing to develop the Marvyn Cooperative.



FENTON FARNSWORTH

by Bill Holbrook



Roses and Resolutions

By Penny Lyn Pool

In late April Alabama joined 18 other states in calling for a Constitutional Convention. This convention call, which could develop into a serious threat to American liberty, passed with as little public opposition or media coverage in Alabama as it did in other states. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie has said of these state calls, "In many state houses, resolutions to change the Constitution of the United States are introduced at noon and adopted before dinner. Without a single hearing, without as much debate as a new state song might engender, they endorse a substantial revision of the fundamental law of the land."

Because the convention resolution received little attention in the Alabama media, and in some cases was badly misreported, the general public is not aware that the Right-To-Life group, an anti-abortion group, is spearheading a highly organized campaign to call a constitutional convention to outlaw abortion. A constitutional convention can be convened by Congress, if two-thirds (34) of the state legislatures ask Congress to do so. Any amendments proposed become part of the Constitution if ratified by three-fourths of the states. Fifteen more states are needed to call a Convention.

Shortly before the Senate convened on Tuesday, April 22, busloads and carloads of anti-abortion proponents pulled up in front of the Capitol. Within minutes they were milling around, easily identified by their artificial or real red roses. The roses are their symbol for life. One wide-eyed mother carrying a baby offered me a rose saying, "it's just like the holocaust. They've already killed six million." She had ridden up from Mobile on a bus with some other church members. Many of the pro-life people were from Mobile.

Senator H.L. (Sonny) Callahan, the resolution's sponsor, is also from Mobile. He is a Catholic representing a heavily Catholic district. During the

debate Callahan stated that one reason he ran for Senate was to get an anti-abortion law passed.

The pro-lifers packing the gallery during the lengthy debate clearly had their favorites. Senator Callahan, handsome, well-dressed and strongly pro-life was their hero. The main villain was Sen. U.W. Clemon. Clemon, a black man who is a recent appointee of President Carter's to a federal judgeship, strongly supported what the pro-lifers called "the devil's position." Two of the lesser actors in the drama were Sen. Albert McDonald, the chairman of the Rules Committee that brought the resolution to the floor, and Sen. Ted Little, the persistent champion of an amendment allowing abortions in certain cases. Little felt "abortions may be appropriate under some circumstances." A nearby pro-lifer commented she couldn't believe they didn't have Ted Little wrapped up because they had bombarded him with messages and mail.

In opening remarks Callahan waved the old states rights flag. He said 57 anti-abortion bills had been submitted to Congress and none ever got out of committee. People wanted an anti-abortion law and Congress wasn't being responsive, he said, so now this was a sovereignty of the state issue. He insisted that the Senators were there to debate the right of the state of Alabama to enact its own laws, saying, "I'm not going to debate the right of abortion. When a Constitution convention is called and ratified by state legislators it will give us the right to establish laws originated in state of Alabama legislature. We're ruled by federal rules and mandates, and state sovereignty is being destroyed." The pro-life group, however, saw through the rhetoric to the gut issue.

Senator Ed Robertson made the emotional plea saying, "This is a matter of life and death. What is the difference between killing a baby and electrocuting a killer in the electric chair?"

The debate then centered around the

legislators' fears of a run-away convention. The last Constitutional convention was held in 1789. It produced the constitution which has served us for almost 200 years. The right to hold a constitutional convention was included in Article V of the constitution as a safeguard against the power of Congress. There are no guidelines for a constitutional convention. The Alabama legislators admitted they didn't know how convention delegates would be chosen. They didn't know if there would be one large convention or 50 state conventions, and they didn't know if the constitutional convention could be limited to one issue.

At present there is also a call for a convention to pass an amendment requiring the federal government to have a balanced budget. It lacks four states. According to information gathered by the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) many of the states passing this resolution were unaware that the convention couldn't be limited. They now think that if the legislators had been aware of that possibility they might have voted differently.

A sitting Con-Con (the pro-lifers' abbreviated term for constitutional convention) would have all the power the one in 1789 had. It is not clear whether Congress or the Supreme Court would have any influence on a Con-Con. Many people are afraid pressure groups will gain control of the Con-Con and the country will end up minus some very important rights.

Senator Don Harrison, vice-chairman of the rules committee and a co-sponsor of the Con-Con resolution, declared that "We must trust the goodness of the people of the United States. In my opinion the people of the U.S. won't do away with the Bill of Rights. I believe it can be limited to one issue."

Callahan continued to emphasize the issue of state's rights. When asked how the senators could vote for a resolution that preserved the life of the fetus over the life of the mother, Callahan replied

that the issue could be debated at the Con-Con.

A discussion about the makeup of a Con-Con ended in the consensus that no one knew how delegates would be selected.

Clemon then said, "The amendment which is about to pass this body is pregnant with all kinds of disasters. I oppose this resolution with every fiber of my body and will therefore vote against it. It's a sad day in the history of the Alabama Senate when members are not free to vote their convictions."

Senator John Teague said he opposed the Con-Con call and knew of others who didn't believe in it, but supported it. Teague said, "My God is a God of love and I feel like my God will have to prey on the conscience of the person who has the abortion. That's between them and their God. Remember what our Jesus said, 'He who is without sin cast the first stone.'"

The gallery grew restless under this speech. Most were young pregnant women and mothers. There were middle-aged women with a sprinkling of men, young and old, nuns, priests and some children. Most leaned forward listening intently, but it was hard to follow the action below. Two steel lobbyists who'd wandered in to see what the excitement was about laughed and said it was all just a big show. One of the pro-lifers handed me an anti-abortion poem she'd written. She was a private-duty nurse who'd taken the day off to come to Montgomery. She emphasized that she didn't *have* to work. She was anti-abortion with no exceptions, asserting that few rapes result in pregnancies, and women used to have to bear the babies, so they still should now. She said that caesarean sections could save most babies if the mother's life was in danger, but the baby's life came first.

According to Ann Hill, Coordinator for the Alabama Division of the Right-to-Life chapter, the only valid reason for abortion is to save the life of the mother. Unfortunately, the organization's stand means that the doctor must make sure the mother will die if the pregnancy isn't interrupted. This would make many doctors unduly cautious, and result in an upsurge of maternal deaths.

When the vote was taken, it resulted in a tie of 17-17. The tie was broken by Lieutenant Governor George McMillan in favor of passing the amendment.

Senator Ted Little, contacted later, said, "I thought the amendment allowing abortion in certain cases should have been added. I'm not for abortion on demand. The mother has rights but I don't know how far they extend. One person's rights stop where someone else's begin."

Ironically, some of the senators thought that by voting for Little's amendment the resolution would be killed, so the people most opposed to the resolution inadvertently passed it. The gallery was emptied in seconds as the pro-lifers went to check with their senators to see if they had lost. A few minutes later, outside the senate chamber, Ann Hill said, "We're ecstatic. The Lord can confuse. Some of the senators who thought they were killing the resolution because of the exceptions passed it."

(Hill later said that the Right-to-Life wants most birth control pills and some intrauterine devices (IUD's) banned as abortive. She said the group was trying to educate women about birth control as an abortive device because many women wouldn't use it if they knew they were aborting their babies every month.)

McDonald, head of the Rules Committee that brought the resolution out on the floor, said, "I think getting the required number of states will be a long hard process and won't come about soon." He also stated he had been subjected to mail and phone calls "more intensified than that on any issue I've ever dealt with."

The wording of the resolution itself creates a problem of tremendous magnitude. The potentially dangerous part reads as follows: "...to call a convention for the sole and exclusive purpose of proposing an amendment to the Constitution that would protect the lives of all human beings, including unborn children, at *every stage* of their biological development, and providing that neither the United States nor any state shall deprive any human being, from the *moment of fertilization*, of the right to life without *due process of law*, nor shall any state deny any human being, from

the *moment of fertilization*, the *equal protection of the laws*."

Many attorneys think this means the fertilized egg has all legal rights of a human being. According to Rhonda Copelon, a staff lawyer with the center for Constitutional Rights who discussed the amendment in the May 1979 issue of *Ms.*, people who think the amendment would simply take us back to the abortion stance before the Supreme Court decision of 1973 are wrong.

The concept of "fetal personhood" laid out in the proposed amendment would mandate Congress to protect the fertilized egg as if it were a person entitled to due process and equal protection of the laws. This might require Congress and the states to treat an abortion as first-degree (pre-meditated) murder, or as manslaughter. Prosecution of women who seek abortions or self-abortion could become required.

According to the article, some right-to-lifers call for the death penalty against women who abort. If the amendment did allow exceptions, such as to save the life of the mother, due process of law could require the doctor to seek a court order permitting abortion. The fetus would be represented by a lawyer. Even emergency surgery to remove tubal pregnancies could be stalled. Because of the fear of prosecution few medical people would do abortions or treat the complications. In case of complications few women would seek help in fear of prosecution. The illegal abortion death rate would be unprecedented.

The ACLU opposes the amendment because "it would invest the state with more control over women's bodies and lives than has ever before been contemplated."

According to *Ms.*, various states are being targeted where the resolution didn't pass, and the anti-abortion people are determined to push the amendment through this year. They may well be successful because they are organized, have money, and a network (frequently through their religious organizations) that keeps them informed of current legislation. The pro-choice people have no such networks devoted entirely to this issue, and they frequently have responsibilities that keep them away from hearings in the various legislatures.

Most of the pro-life women who appeared in Montgomery didn't work outside the home. Part of the reason legislators are passing the amendment is that when they look out on a sea of red roses they think the majority of the voters want a human life amendment.

According to *Ms.*, April 1980, "Nation-wide opinion polls have consistently

endorsed the view that abortion should be a decision left to a woman and her doctor. In the most recent, released by the National Abortion Rights Action League this year, 88% of registered voters supported a woman's right to choose abortion in all or some circumstances."

Although the abortion issue is impor-

tant, the danger to the Constitution is even more important. Laurence H. Tribe, a leading Constitutional scholar and law professor, says that until questions are answered and guidelines set, attempts to convene a constitutional convention, for any purpose, are "irresponsible, profoundly misguided, and likely to precipitate a constitutional crisis."



lithograph by Brian A. Thompson

Rhapsody in C Minor



lithograph by Haines Atkins

Claire hurried down the stairs of the German-American Institute, calculating how long she could practice the piano before Heinrich came for her after his class. Hearing music as she neared the small auditorium, she thought disappointedly that someone was playing the stereo. On reaching the entrance Claire was surprised to see a silhouetted figure seated at the grand piano. Surrounded by the dazzling light of the setting sun, the stranger was passionately playing Johannes Brahms' *Rhapsody in D*.

She had intended to sit down and wait for the pianist to conclude his brilliant performance, but an irresistible force drew her down the aisle. She came to a stop in the curve of the Steinway, face to face with the man, who had followed her every movement with his eyes. When the rhapsody ended, he revealed, between the *intermezzo* and *capriccio* she requested, that he was Hans Taure, an accomplished concert pianist who, at the beginning of his career, had included all the great composers in his repertoire. After acquiring a certain national fame, however, he had gradually succumbed to the temptation of presenting the piano music of Brahms.

Responding to a strange motivation, Claire confessed that her recent discovery of the three rhapsodies had led her to study Brahms' life and music. She had thought dramatically that the two were kindred spirits, destined for each other despite their temporal limits. "If he had been born a hundred years later, or if I had existed a hundred years earlier..." She had named Brahms when a German professor, during one of his digressions, had forced students to answer the question, "If you found yourself alone on a tropical island, and you could listen to the music of just one composer, who would you choose?"

As they left the Institute, Claire glimpsed Heinrich at the other end of the building, but continued without slowing her steps. Hans walked her home, relating obscure episodes in the life of the composer.

During the weeks following, she divided her days and nights between her *pension* and Hans' apartment. She soon moved in with him. Claire studied and wrote her ambitious doctoral dissertation on death in German literature of the nineteenth century; Hans practiced the music for his concerts, which she was never permitted to attend. To break the monotony of their simultaneous work, they took long walks at night, often visiting Brahms' tomb by the waning moonlight.

One by one, she stopped seeing her friends from the Institute, where she taught English during the day, with the pretext of heavy studies. None of them had heard of Hans Taure. "The soul selects its own society," she thought. Each was sufficient for the other.

During their nocturnal walks, Claire discovered Hans' extraordinary fascination with astronomy. He took her to

the municipal planetarium; the two often observed the constellations through a telescope until dawn. Hans spent hours in the darkened apartment, staring fixedly at Orion, Gemini, the Milky Way, declaring his nostalgia for the stars.

With the first warm days of spring, the lovers began spending afternoons in a small park near the apartment. Neighborhood children climbed into Hans' lap while he narrated other anecdotes concerning Brahms' friendship with Clara Schumann, his overwhelming love of animals and children, his admiration for Wagner, and his conflicts with Tchaikovsky. He reminded her of the evening the composer was to accompany the violinist Remenyi. Discovering that the piano had been tuned a half-tone too low, Brahms had transposed Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*, a long and difficult work, from A Major to B flat, without previous rehearsal.

A strange, inexplicable force seemed to be devouring Hans, in spite of their happiness; toward summer a loss of weight was becoming evident, with accompanying mental distractions. He woke Claire every night, calling her name repeatedly and sobbing, "I can't let you go; I can't leave you!" She became uneasy and depressed by these changes.

One autumn night while Hans was at the Concert Hall, where he would direct the Academic Festival Overture and play the *Second Piano Concerto*, Claire was searching for paper to finish the last chapter of her dissertation. In a drawer of the old desk, below a pile of yellowing documents, she discovered a little wooden chest containing two objects, a small diary and a pocket watch bearing the inscription, "To J.B. from C.S." The diary included only a few laconic entries, by dates and hours:

"8 p.m. Today I played for Wagner at his invitation. He praised all my works."

"9 p.m. That bastard Tchaikovsky told Mrs. von Meck I am only a caricature of Beethoven."

"10 p.m. Tonight I had to transpose the *Kreutzer* to B flat for Remenyi. When we arrived at the Concert Hall, we discovered that the piano had been tuned half a tone too low!"

"11 p.m. It's no use. I am dying. Tomorrow my..."

Claire noticed with increasing bewilderment that the date was the current one, but the clock had just struck 10:30. Hans arrived home just then, earlier than usual on a concert night. Saying that he felt restless and uneasy, he begged Claire to walk with him in the cool night air.

Above the old cemetery the stars seemed to twinkle strangely; the moon clearly illuminated the tombs of yesterday. Approaching the composer's monument, Claire was alarmed by the freshly dug earth. Hans strode purposefully toward the edge of the grave, pulling her along, ignoring her cries.

As they descended the gloomy slope of eternity, his rigid arms dragged her deeper into the abyss while his pocket watch slowly struck the eleventh hour.



A Wish for Winter

I wanted to walk to the woods to find
a pool the deer had sweetened
with their drinking, a sky
the owl had cleaned with the sweep
of a perfect wing.

I came to this glade where shadows
gather after dark
and shallow water waits,
knowing the secret of deepness.

Deer glide to the scent of apples.
Bait is spilled from my sack.
I compact in the fork of an elm
and await the distant flicker
of deer gliding in a trance.

Then they come in secret,
the cool does sleek as a stream,
the careful buck, antlered
and fiercely gentle above them.
They come to feed as angels
blessing me from a dream.

A snap in the thicket and they flee
after I have seen my fill.
Later, I drink on my knees
and see a far star falling above
and across my watery face.

This will always be the winter
I sat above deer breathing
and praying they would stay almost
forever. I hold the image
fluid but hard as agate

as if it happened behind the eye,
as if gray feathers
had never imprinted in air
and no owl had haunted the forest
with his precise intent.

—R. T. Smith

Personality

Perennial daisies binding
uncombed silver hair;
knotted cotton,
framing a WWII expression.
Monday's dress,
longer in the front,
safety pins in the hem,
an embroidered handkerchief between buttons.
A recycled shopping bag
with dates and phone numbers
autographed on the bus ride to town.
Grocery store bread
between body and open pocketbook.
Unclasped rubber boots
stuffed with rolled hose and
vericose veins.
First in line when
the dimestore opens.

—Janis Antonek

Third Place, Sigma Tau Delta Poetry Contest

Escape

Warm showers melt the weekend's glory,
I sigh, and towel-dry myself into a Monday.
Clean jeans of comfort, tee-shirt too,
I strap my sandals on and buckle my brain
into another five-day-focus.

Books unread and papers blank,
Five past eight, with cup of water, hot and black,
I find my rut between
The cute KD and loud-mouth Larry.

The teacher talks.
I stuff my ears on children's voices,
floating through the sky-filled windows.

—Beth J. Dees

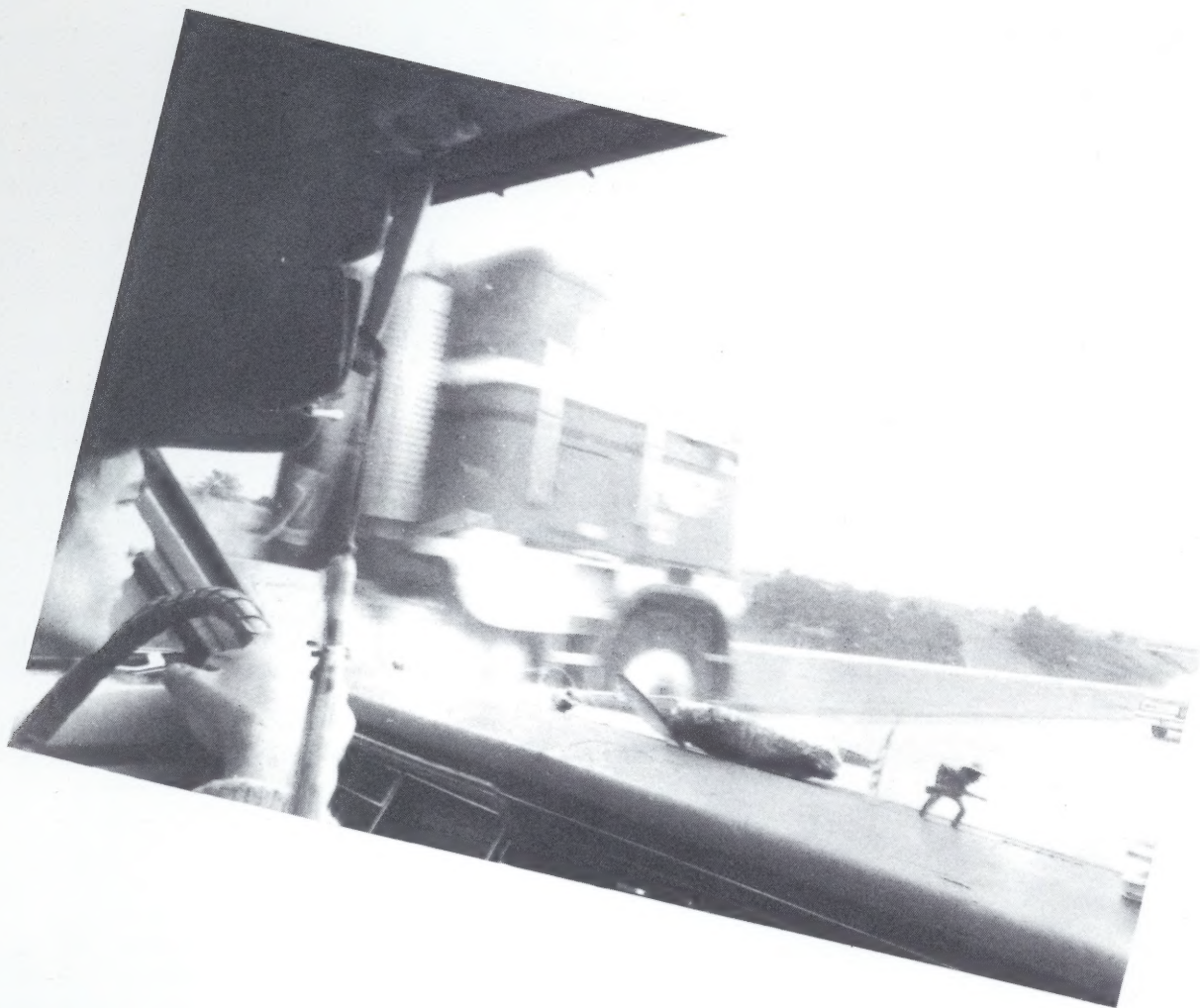


photo by Christopher Payne

List of Contributors

DR. R.V. ANDELSON was recently told there was a purpose to his life when he narrowly missed being carried away by a visiting tornado. Dr. Andelson is a professor of philosophy and an editorial board member of *The Circle*.

JANICE ANTONEK is a part-time teacher and full time student at Auburn. In between, she writes poetry, and her prize-winning poem "Personality" appears in this issue.

LESLIE BLACKMON will be leaving her beloved South behind this summer when she goes north to study law at Harvard University. Old ties will be broken with *The Circle*, where Leslie is a former assistant editor and has made frequent contributions.

Editor **AMY DAWES** plans to go into magazine journalism, but she'll get a taste of the newspaper office this summer as an intern for the *Huntsville Times*. Amy has made frequent short story contributions to *The Circle*, and her story "Jude" was recently published in *The National Sigma Tau Delta Magazine*.

BETH DEES, a journalism major from DeFuniak Springs, Fla., contributes her second article to this issue and will spend the summer thinking up ideas for next year, when she will be *The Circle's* assistant editor.

MIKE DONAHUE is a film production major from Montgomery who recently developed an avid interest in photography. Mike recently won first place in the "People" category of an AUM photo contest, and he debuts his talents in this issue.

STEVE FARISH was *The Plainsman's* chief reporter on the university's presidential search, and he sums things up thoroughly in his first contribution to *The Circle*. Steve is a junior in pre-law with a French major.

Cowering under the *nom de plume* "**GREY EAGLE**" one campus character offers his satirical comments on the presidential search in this issue. Known to the public and *Plainsman* staff as "general assistant to everybody," this shadowy figure also plays as late night DJ on WEGE.

BETH HOLMAN eagerly awaits the power and prestige that will be hers next year as editor of *The Circle*. A junior in English, Beth plans to remain in Auburn this summer, working part-time and spending the other part thinking of better ways of arranging the Circle office furniture.

Former associate editor **ISAAC JOYNER** gave *The Circle* a push in the right direction last fall when he contributed the knowledge of magazine publishing he gained in a summer seminar at NYU. Isaac, who is now harboring plans to buy a printing press and set up shop in Auburn, may well have been the first person in town to possess a copy of WET magazine.

Business Manager **CURT LeVAN** made a landmark advance for *The Circle* this quarter when he managed to lay hands on the mythical travel money. Curt, who is the island of organization in the office, will graduate this quarter in accounting.

MICKEY LOGUE, editorial board member, not only knows how to "get the facts," a skill learned from years of reporting for papers like *The Atlanta Constitution*, *The Montgomery Advertiser*, and *The Birmingham News*, he teaches them as well as a professor of journalism for the past 16 years.

Staff Photographer **ROB LOTUFO** left New York last summer for the long journey into Dixie, where he encountered everything from sausage and biscuits to Bob Dylan-style evangelism. Rob, an industrial design major, has snapped and printed pictures for three issues and will be back next year.

Lending time and talent to *The Circle* is just one of the many reasons why **WILLIAM MITCHELL** never gets any sleep. William will soon get a crack at his lifelong dream of becoming a professional illustrator when he graduates in visual arts.

KAYE LOVVORN, faculty advisor for *The Circle*, is the one who keeps telling everybody, "It's not a literary magazine!" Kaye has stuck by *The Circle* through thick and thin, and among a multitude of other things she does, she is editor of *The Auburn Alumnews*.

After two years as art director of *The Circle*, four years of academics, and 40 bottles of India drawing ink, **CHRISTOPHER PAYNE** has earned his way out of Auburn. Chris will head for the midwest this summer where he has an assistantship at Wichita State University.

OXFORD STROUD, editorial board member and teacher of advanced composition, issues forth ideas and writers from among the ferns and fossils of his ninth-floor office.

STEVE WILLOUGHBY'S first attempt at writing poetry earned him second place in the Sigma Tau Delta Writing contest. Steve is an English major from Huntsville.